

COMFORT

*The Key to Happiness and Success
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND THE HOME CIRCLE

Vol XIX

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No 8



"He exercised the utmost care
in taking aim —"

See "Jerry, the Backwoods Boy"

Published at Augusta, Maine

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Happiness and Success in over
A Million and a Quarter Homes.

Devoted to
Art, Literature, Science, and the Home Circle.

Its Motto Is "Onward and Upward."

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Crumbs of Comfort

Beware the fury of a patient man.
Hypocrisy is the homage vice pays to virtue.
The itch of disputing has proved the scab of the churches.
A soul occupied with great ideas best performs small duties.
Unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how poor is man.
—Samuel Daniel.
What too many preachers lack in depth, they give you in length.
Death borders upon our birth, and our cradle stands in our grave.
To look down on ourselves prevents our looking down on others.
Let none admire
That riches grow in hell; that soil may best
Deserve the precious haire.
—Milton.
The fullest and best ears of corn hang lowest towards the ground.
In these days we fight for ideas, and newspapers are our fortresses.
The blaze of reputation cannot be blown out, but it often dies in the socket.
The loss of wealth is loss of dirt,
As sages in all time assert:
The happy man's without a shirt.
—John Heywood.
Remember that what you believe will depend very much upon what you are.
Truth is as impossible to be soiled by the outward touch as the sunbeam.
Often the cockloft is empty in those whom nature has built so many stories high.
The best of men
That ever wore earth about him was a sufferer;
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit;
The first true gentleman that ever breathed.
—Thomas Decker.
That man's religion is worth nothing whose very dog and cat are not the better for it.
Old friends are best. King James used to call for his old shoes; they were the easiest.
Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested.
He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the touch
To gain or lose it all.
—Marguis de Montrose.
Men's hearts should not be set against one another, but set with one another, and all against evil only.
Science is a first rate piece of furniture for a man's upper chamber, if he have common sense on the ground floor.
And yet, as angels, in some brighter dreams,
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
Some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes
And into glory peep.
—Henry Vaughn.
The study of science teaches young men to think, while the study of the classics teaches them how to express themselves.
It is hard to believe that Providence has sent a few men into the world ready booted and spurred to ride, and millions ready saddled and bridled to be ridden.

A Few Words by the Editor

It is the month of June.
The month of leaves and roars,
When pleasant sights salute the eyes,
And pleasant scents the noses.
—N. P. Willis.

JUNE is the month of brides. Many of your friends will take life partners this month, and start housekeeping. You are thinking of a present you would like to give them that will last and do good service, and yet not be too great a drain on your purse. You can't quite make up your mind what to give the young couple. Let us solve the difficulty for you. Send us fifty cents, and we will send them COMFORT for four years. Every month for four long years you will be brought to their minds. "Here comes COMFORT," the bride will say, "wasn't it sweet of Nellie to send us that?" "Indeed it was," replies the husband, "and by the way it is the only present that hasn't worn out, but is always fresh, new and interesting." Don't forget that in giving such a present you are bestowing a hundred dollars' worth of happiness for fifty cents, possibly more, as the enjoyment, information, and inspiration, that can be derived from a good magazine like COMFORT, cannot be measured by dollars and cents—the value is in fact incalculable. This is our June suggestion for our millions of friends and subscribers, and we trust many will avail themselves of it, and also the many other splendid offers to club raisers, which can be found in the pages of this charming and interesting issue of your favorite magazine.

The Peace Conference which recently met in New York, and to which flocked delegates from all over the world, is a remarkable sign of our times, and gives strong proof of the world's advancement. Holy Writ says, "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God." Not until men are entirely at peace with each other will they be surely His children. Universal Peace is very much in the air, but the fact that nations are meeting to discuss it is a proof that in the not very distant future, the lion will lie down with the lamb, the roar of cannon, the crash of musketry, and the flashing of steel will vanish forever. At present the nations of the world are armed to the teeth, but they are armed for defence, and not for offence. No nation will make war upon another, until every art of diplomacy has been exhausted to avert bloodshed. Nations do not fly at each other's throats like bulldozers, as they did of old. Fighting once was man's only trade. Professions of arms, the only business that seriously occupied men's minds. It is different today. Modern nations know that war is hell; that it not only means bloodshed, but it often means ruin, for war has become so expensive that even the victor is weighed down by a load of debt, which halts national development, and permanently impoverishes and enslaves those who indulge in it. As Garfield said, "after the battle, the dead must be buried, and the bills must be paid." War cannot be waged without money, and few nations now can afford to indulge in this costliest of all methods of settling international disputes. It is the monied kings, more than the crowned monarchs who rule the world today, and Czar and Kaiser must first consult with bankers and financiers, before they can call out their legions, and marshal their hosts in battle array. As 90 per cent. of the world's business is done upon credit, it is very evident that war stops and disturbs business more than anything else, imperils national credit, and is therefore an enterprise that financiers do not care to back.

The Hague Peace Tribunal is being more and more resorted to by nations for the settlement of international disputes. Over two hundred international disputes have been settled by this Tribunal, and probably in the course of time, nations will mutually agree, that the judges at the Hague shall arbitrate all differences, and settle all troubles that arise between them.

Our readers naturally look to us for some comment on the great questions of the day, and your editor would be lacking in his duty to you, if he did not give you his views on the matters now at issue between the government, and the railroads. Of course there are a good many ramifications, and complications, which make this question a difficult one to thoroughly grasp. Briefly, the railroad situation can be summed up thus: The railroads want to run their properties in their own way, regardless of whether that way is for the best interests of the public or not. Hence we have had to pay the highest prices for the carrying of merchandise and passengers, and have had to be content frequently with the most wretched of service and inadequate facilities, which in their turn have resulted in terrible slaughter, and loss of life from coast to coast.

The first shadow on the railroad horizon was the passing of the "Rate Bill," which made it illegal for railroads to discriminate in the matter of freights. Hitherto, special rates and rebates have been given certain favored corporations, with the result that small shippers have been unable to compete with their more powerful rivals, and in consequence have been forced out of business. By the giving of rebates, and stock manipulation in Wall Street, the railroads incurred the antagonism, and in many cases the open hostility of vast masses of the American people. It was obvious that this state of things could not go on forever. An aroused public sentiment has demanded honesty in office; new ideals, and a square deal for all have of late years been insisted on by all good citizens in this country. Great combinations of capital are now regarded, even by some of the men who control them, as a public trust. The government does not wish to harass the railroads, but it insists that these vast properties be run in a fair, square and above-board manner. In the early days of railroads, those who controlled them were practical men, who took an interest in their properties, and ran them solely for the benefit of the public and the stockholders. Honest management was the old ideal. The old system has passed away, and with it, the old ideals.

The total capitalization of the railroads of the United States is \$13,000,000,000. It is computed that of this tremendous sum, one half is "water," in other words they have been capitalized for just double their value. One half this sum, therefore represents fictitious values, values that do not exist, but the public nevertheless has had to pay the principle and interest of these fictitious issues of stock, by which the few have reaped vast benefits at the expense of the many. It was President Roose-

velt who determined to put the railroad business on a foundation of solid honesty. It was thought that a valuation of railroad properties in this country would be made, and the water squeezed out of stocks, and fictitious values done away with. The bare thought of this caused a tremendous panic in Wall Street. President Roosevelt, however, realized that much of this watered stock had been paid for in good faith by small investors, and he has decided that nothing will be done along these lines, as any drastic legislation in this direction would work incalculable hardship to the small holders of railroad securities.

For a long time the railroads have had it all their own way. Individual states seemed indifferent, until President Roosevelt said that what the states would not do, the national government must. State legislatures, feeling that their rights were imperiled, at once woke up, and passed drastic railroad legislation. This has brought about amusing results. At first the railroads looked upon the states as their creatures, but they had a somewhat wholesome dread of Washington, and the strenuous man who controlled matters there. When individual states awakened, and began to throw bombshells into the railroad camp, the railroad magnates rushed to Washington for protection.

The railway financiers have their troubles. The fear of government legislation has frightened investors, and the result is that the railroads cannot get the money needed for the development and improvement of their properties, and they are demanding that public agitation cease and legislation be stopped, or disaster must come. Railroads, hitherto have not been managed either for the benefit of the public or the stockholders, but have been run, in the majority of cases, solely in the interests of a few great financiers who control them. It is the government aim and purpose to merely exercise such control as will insure honesty of management. This will result in vast benefits, both for the public, and the stockholders. It will stop stock manipulation, and Wall Street jugglery, and this will be a blessing to the public, and will harm only those whose pockets are already stuffed to repletion.

With the railroad business on a sound financial basis, public confidence will be immediately restored, and men of small means, who have a few hundred dollars, fetching three and one half per cent. in savings banks, will withdraw the money from these institutions, and buy railroad stocks which will bring them anywhere from five to ten per cent. interest per annum.

Railroads have nothing to fear. The profits of last year averaged over \$3,000 for every mile of track in the country. This prosperity is not threatened, but its continuance is positively assured. With a thorough understanding between the public and the railroads, and with Uncle Sam to see that the agreements are kept and laws respected, everything will be well, and a greater era of prosperity will dawn, both for the railroads and the people, than has ever been known before.

Your friend,
Comfort's Editor.

Current Topics

Many Elk lodges in the West have adopted President Roosevelt's suggestion and decided to abandon the Elk's tooth emblem. Many Montana men have been collecting elk's teeth for years and holding them for a rise.

The American Humane Association is attempting to enforce the owners of range cattle to change their methods of doing business. Hundreds of thousands of range cattle in the West, run wild. No provision is made by their owners for feed or shelter, and thousands starve to death every winter.

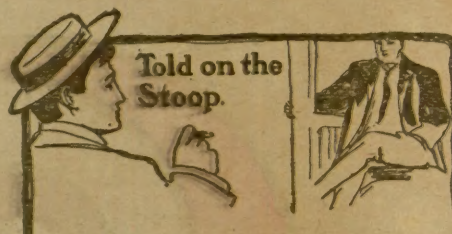
President Roosevelt has granted a conditional pardon to John L. Lennon, a nephew of John L. Sullivan, serving a sentence at Governor's Island for alleged desertion from the Marine Corps while in Cuba. The condition named by the President is that Lennon re-enlist and serve the full term of four years, he having been dishonorably discharged.

It is stated by C. C. Georgeson, special agent of the United States Department of Agriculture, in charge of Alaskan investigations, that Alaska has agricultural possibilities to an extent which will make the fullest development of resources practicable. The Territory can furnish homesteads of 320 acres each to 200,000 families, and has abundant resources to support a population of 3,000,000.

The death at Mount Pleasant, Iowa, of Rev. John Watson, May 7th, caused heartfelt regret among those who knew him best by his pen name "Ian Maclaren." Dr. Watson was a clergyman, born in Manningtree, England in 1850. He was an author of profound religious works. His pictures of Scotch rural life which began with "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush," brought him close to the great mass of English speaking nations.

What is said to be the biggest diamond in the world is reposing in a bank on Holland Viaduct in London. The name of the bank is kept a profound secret. And so careful a matter is the showing of the stone to the representatives of Oriental princes, to commercial syndicates and international associations of diamond dealers that a number of crystal facsimiles have been made and prospective buyers have to be satisfied with these replicas. Nobody knows what it is worth, but \$5,000,000 is a reasonable price.

Tired of the pleasures of life, Joseph Dwight, son of Professor Thomas Dwight of the Harvard Medical College, has become a monk and has entered the Trappist monastery of Our Lady of the Valley at Lonsdale, R. I. He is only twenty-one years old. His decision did not meet with any opposition from his parents. His life at the monastery will be that of a recluse. Silence is mandatory among the Trappists, with the exception of the morning salutation, "Memento Mori."



Lightning-drawing Trees

"Maybe the lightning doesn't hit things any oftener these days, than it used to do," remarked an old chap whose memory ran back into the distant past, "but it seems to me that it does. Maybe it is because we have so many newspapers these days telling the news, and we hear of lightning-strikes oftener. Anyway, every time there is a thunderstorm we hear of something being hit, and a good many times it is fatal to human life. So far the government hasn't kept statistics of lightning fatalities, but last year the experts figured it up as 320 with several states not reporting. That is, about one every day in the year, and plenty enough to warn the rest of us that the lightning isn't harmless, and that people who are afraid of it have a right to be. A good many of the killed have been struck while seeking shelter from the rain under trees, and still whenever the rain begins, the people who are anywhere near a tree run to it for shelter. It is very much safer to stay in the open and get wet, unless the tree is a beech. Nobody knows why, but the beech seems to be immune, and the lightning very rarely strikes it. We have not kept a record of the trees most liable to be struck, but in England reports show that the dangerous trees are the oak, elm, poplar and ash. One of the most disastrous strokes occurring in New York happened to a lot of people under an elm tree in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, this past summer. European statistics show the following trees as most likely to be hit, those near the water being more dangerous than those away from it: oaks, 100; elm, 77; pines, 33; fir, 10; beeches, by far the safest, only 2. Birch and maple are two others that are comparatively safe. Still, it is better to get wet than to risk shelter under any kind of a tree. In some sections of the West, farmers in the fields stay out in the open and take the rain, preferring that even to shelter in a house or barn. They even lie down on the ground to present as small a mark as possible, and some have gone so far as to have 'dugouts' in the ground. In a prairie country anything that rises above the surface of the general dead level is a fair mark. We don't hear much about the lightning striking the skyscraper buildings in cities, but a friend of mine tells me that during a half hour thunderstorm in New York one afternoon the lightning struck thirteen times in a territory a mile long and half a mile wide. This was in a neighborhood where there were no high buildings, and excepting one or two flag poles, most of the strokes were down as low as the street lamps and several wagons were hit. So far we haven't done much toward protecting people from lightning, and maybe we never can, but I think it is about time the scientists were getting to work to see if something can't be done."

Strawberries and Rheumatism

"There seems to be a notion among a good many people," said a doctor-looking party, "that the acid in strawberries is bad for rheumatism, and I know a lot of people who won't eat them on that account, notwithstanding Dean Swift told the truth when he said: 'Doubtless the Lord could have made a better berry than the strawberry, but doubtless the Lord never did.' Some people find them indigestible, and liable to sour on the stomach, but they will not find them so, if they will not eat them with cream or milk. But as far as rheumatism is concerned, the strawberry is not more rheumatic than any other acid fruit and we can prove it by authority of long standing. Away back yonder, Linnaeus, the naturalist, kept himself from rheumatism by eating strawberries. Fontenelli, another one, said his longevity was due to strawberries and he used them as a medicine. Borheave, an authority, classed the strawberry with the principal red fruit remedies containing iron, as well as phosphorus, salt, sulphur and sugar. Taking the strawberry by and large, I think it is not only one of the finest fruits grown, but it is as safe as any and can be eaten by people with rheumatism without fear of making it worse. Whether they will make it better, as in the case of Linnaeus, I can't say."

Concerning Divorce

"It used to be," said the man with a married look on his face, "that it was almost as bad as scandal to be divorced, and in the rural communities especially, a divorced person was hardly considered respectable. Indeed, divorced people were so scarce in the country that if one did happen to show up anywhere, the rest of the community didn't know exactly what course to pursue—call on the pastor to pray for the sinners or call for the officers of the law. But that has changed in recent years and the latest census returns show that the country people are acquiring the habit of getting rid of undesirable domestic burdens. It is said they are doing this because of an increased knowledge of the divorce laws and the publicity given to the matter by the newspapers. One reason, in my judgment, not given officially, is that the country people who look to the cities for their rules of social usage find that divorced people are quite as prominent in city society as any other and quite as highly esteemed, so they are simply following suit. I know that divorces are rapidly increasing, and the census report shows that while from 1887 to 1888, there were only 328,000 divorces granted, during the next twenty years ending in 1906, there were over a million. Brooklyn, New York, has the lowest number, 23 to the 100,000 of population. Chicago has 107. Philadelphia, 63, while in Cincinnati there was a fifteen-fold increase, Kansas City ten and Indianapolis four. Records are so poorly kept in New York City that the officials couldn't get an average, but it is probably greater than any of them, though there is but one cause for divorce in that state. It's none of my business, maybe, but I'm here to say that we ought to be getting back to the good old times when it wasn't considered respectable to break the marriages ties. Public sentiment, not legislation, is the only remedy."

IN & AROUND The HOME

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

Terms Used in Crochet

Ch. chain; ch. st. chain stitch; s. c. single crochet; d. c. double crochet (thread over once); tr. c. treble crochet (thread over twice); dtr. double treble crochet (thread over three times); l. c. long crochet; r. st. roll stitch 1 loop; p. p. p. roll stitch; sl. st. slip stitch; k. st. knot stitch; sts. stitches; blk. block; sps. spaces; * stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

Terms Used in Knitting

k. knit plain; o. over; o. 2, over twice; n. narrow 2 stitches together; p. purl; sl. slip a stitch; tog. together; b. bind; stars and parenthesis indicate a repetition.

Terms Used in Tatting

d. s. double stitch; p. picot; l. p. long picot; ch. chain; d. k. double knot; p. k. picot and knot together. * indicates a repetition.

Drawnwork Centerpiece

After deciding on the size the first step is, as usual, the drawing of the thread after allowing for the hem.

Fold this evenly, baste down and hemstitch all around, this finished one is ready for the border. This is worked by passing the thread from one side of the center to the other, knotting the threads into groups, after which the butterflies are darned into the corners.

In selecting linen for drawnwork choose a piece with round smooth threads and as free from dressing as possible.

A beginner of this work can get good practice by working the borders shown in Nos. 1 and 2, which are simpler though similar in design.

Original Design for Collars and Cuffs in Embroidery

The popularity of the turn-over collar and cuffs seems to increase, rather than diminish. Ruchings are frail, and expensive on that account, lasting only a short time, and then, too, they are not as becoming as the dainty white turn-over effects against the neck and hands.

Collars and cuffs are made of lawn or linen; the lawn should be fairly heavy, to wear well, for the finer quality won't stand many washings. Fine, sheer linen should be used for



THE STRAWBERRY DESIGN. FIG. 1.

hand-embroidered accessories, as that wears as long as the work in it lasts, but of course it is expensive; however, so little is needed, for the narrow bands, that it comes within the means of almost everyone. That without dressing should be used, it is soft but firm.

Butcher's linen and pique are used when heavier, coarser embroidery is to be done.

The designs shown herewith which are



THE DESIGN IN ACTUAL SIZE. FIG. 2.

specially adaptable for the fine linen or lawn on collars, are Figs. 1, 3 and 5. Fig. 1 is called the Strawberry design. The leaves falling over the berry and those on the vine and the vine itself are worked in solid embroidery, and the berry is worked in seed stitch. Fig. 2 shows the design in actual size, which can be traced with tracing paper and transferred to the linen with impression paper.

After putting design on linen, pad the leaves and stems and around the edge of berry; this



CONVENTIONAL FLOWER. FIG. 3.

is done by running two threads of mercerized linen or cotton floss the length of the stems, and fairly solidly lengthwise each leaf. Then with one thread, embroider the stems over and over, solidly, and the leaves across. Draw the floss fairly tight, but not so tight that the linen will be wrinkled underneath. Fill in berries with seed stitch, which is a sort of back stitch, very short, not so close together that the linen is entirely covered, however, as it should show between the stitches. Pad the edge of the collar by running heavy threads the full length, and embroidering with buttonhole stitch, over padding, with one thread. Cut edge close to embroidery. Lay, wrong side up, on several thicknesses of flannel on ironing board; lay a wet cloth over it and press with hot



THE DESIGN IN ACTUAL SIZE. FIG. 4.

flatiron; remove cloth and lay a dry one on and press until perfectly dry and smooth. The

embroidery should stand out firm and hard. Then cut bands one and one half inches wide, on the straight way of lawn; turn in narrow edges on all sides and fold edges together. Place top of collar between these two edges



AN ATTRACTIVE DESIGN. FIG. 5.

and baste firmly; then stitch on machine. The band should extend out one half inch at each end of collar.

Cuffs to match all of the collars described are made in the same way, cut in the same shape, and as deep as desired. At the present



THE CENTRAL FIGURE LENGTHWISE. FIG. 6.

time the correct measurement for turn-over collars is about two inches, from lower edge to where band is put on; the cuffs are much wider than they used to be, being often four inches, but usually those made of thin material



DRAWNWORK CENTERPIECE.

are from two to three. The very wide ones are usually made of pique or heavy linen and starched, and then are used on coat sleeves. The collars for these cuffs are of the style that fits well over the collar and lapels of an outside coat.

Collar Fig. 3 shows design of a conventional flower, with lace used on the lower part. Fig. 4 is the design in actual size. After the design is drawn onto the linen, baste a piece of lace on the wrong side, covering the three lower portions of the flower. Then proceed with the padding exactly as described in the strawberry



DESIGN FOR COLLAR. FIG. 7.

design. Embroider leaves, stems and three upper portions of flower solid, also all around the three lower portions, very narrowly, in fact just as the stems are embroidered. When all done, carefully cut away the linen over the lace, close to embroidered edges; great care must be used not to cut the lace underneath. The lace used for any work of this kind should be delicate and open in pattern, but durable in texture. A fine Valenciennes may be used, or point d'esprit, allowing the dot to come in the center of openings, if possible. In fact, any strong net may be used, but not too coarse to look well with the quality of linen. After the design is finished, pad the scalloped edges and buttonhole. Cut out, and press, as described in preceding collar.

The design on collar Fig. 5 is similar to a forget-me-not, though it is not one, as petals are longer and quite narrow. This design introduces the eyelet. After padding and em-

brodering the flowers, stems and leaves, work an eyelet in the center of each flower, and as many as desired in the space at center collar. To make an eyelet punch a hole with a stilet-



THE CENTRAL DESIGN REVERSED. FIG. 8.

to in the center of circle; work stiletto up and down until the hole is as large as desired. Take one thread of fine floss and overcast the edge, taking in only as much cloth as is necessary to hold the thread firmly; it will be necessary to use the stiletto several times, to keep the hole from closing up. After having overcast the edge, embroider (over and over stitch) around the edge, keeping the hole open all the time with frequent insertions of the stiletto. When finished, insert stiletto from wrong side up to right, thus shaping the hole and bringing a thin worked ridge out and strongly on the right side.

This collar is finished with a one fourth inch hem, feather-stitched. Designs Figs. 7 and 9 may be used on either turn-over collars, or on stocks, that are made of heavy linen. These stocks are more suitable



DESIGN FOR COLLAR. FIG. 9.

for shirt-waist suits and gowns of heavy wash material, than are the fine soft linen or lawn. We have shown these designs on stocks, in-

stead of on turn-overs, but as we give the designs in actual size, separately, they may be drawn upon either.

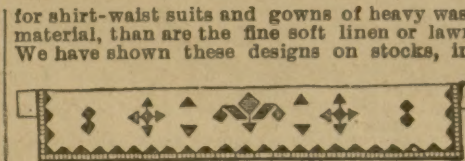
Fig. 6 stock shows the central figure lengthwise, with a large, conventional daisy at either side and large dots between.

Fig. 8 stock shows the same central figure, up and down, with Fig. 9 design at either side and large eyelets between. The material used is butcher's linen and the floss is coarse linen or cotton mercerized. The central figure has a wide, solid edge, to each end portion, the plain center filled in with seed stitch. The connecting center portion is worked solid. Of course all is padded before being worked, which is done by running a thread back and forth, for body.

Four of the sections of the side figures are worked in the same way as central figure, and the other four are worked as eyelets. It is not necessary to cut away any of the linen for this; simply cut a slit with buttonhole scissors, nearly the whole length of section; overcast and then over and over, and by the time it is finished there will be enough of the linen drawn up by the stitches to leave quite an open space. Make a large eyelet in center of figure.



DRAWNWORK CENTERPIECE.



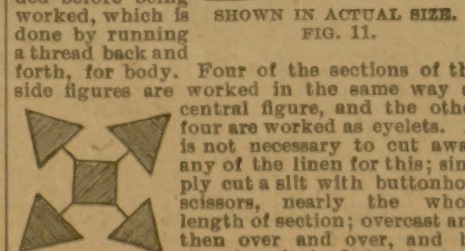
ORIENTAL IN DESIGN. FIG. 10.

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SHOWN IN ACTUAL SIZE. FIG. 11.

ORIENTAL DESIGN. FIG. 12.

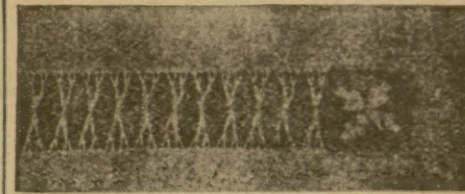
These stocks are finished with a one third inch hem all around, stitched twice.

Collar Fig. 10 is a specially attractive turn-over; the linen is heavy deep ecru, or tan color, and the design is worked in red, green, blue and yellow washable silks, outlined with black. The design and coloring are strictly Oriental and show up well on a dark cloth gown.

Figs. 11 and 12 show the design in actual size.

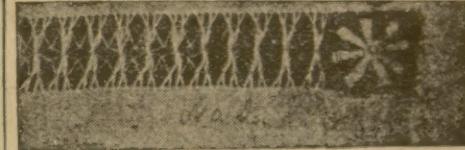
Drawnwork Border

Begin by drawing threads to the widths of five eighths inches, and hemstitch both sides into groups of five or six threads each. First thread, begin by knotting four threads to-



DRAWNWORK BORDER. NO. 1.

gether in center, pass to upper side and knot toward two together, then to center, and knot four, pass down to lower side, and knot two and two together, repeat to end. Second thread



DRAWNWORK BORDER. NO. 2.

begin by knotting in center over previous knot, pass to lower side, and knot two and two, and repeat same, always knotting in center over previous knot. Third thread begin by knotting two and two together above, pass to center and knot the two strands together, on lower side knot two and two, continue to end. Fourth thread is a repetition of the third. Fill corners as illustrated.

MAY SEEVER.

Directions for Daisy Handkerchief Bag—Original

1st row.—Ch. 6, join to form ring, first round 16 tr. c. in ring, join in top of first tr. c.

2nd row.—Ch. 3, tr. c. in same st. twice, ch. 3, 3 tr. c. in same st. to form shell, sl. 2, then another shell, all the way round there should be eight shells, join at top.

3rd row.—Shell in shell, fasten with s. c. between shells of preceding row, repeat around.

4th row.—Sl. st. to center of ch. 3 in first shell, ch. 8, fasten in center of next shell, repeat around.

5th row.—Then 1 tr. c. in every st. around, fasten in top of first st.

6th row.—Ch. 12, sl. 4, fasten in 5th st. around.

7th row.—Sl. st. to center of first ch. 12, ch. 10, fasten in same st., ch. 12, fasten in same, ch. 10, fasten in same st. to form three picots, ch. 6, fasten in center of next ch. 12, repeat all around.

8th row.—16 s. c. under ch. 10, picot, 18 s. c. under ch. 12, 16 s. c. under ch. 10, 6 s. c. under ch. 6, 5 s. c. under next picot, fasten in 5th stitch of last picot, 11 s. c. under same, repeat around.

9th row.—Sl. st. to top of first picot, ch. 5, fasten with s. c. in top of center picot, ch. 3, d. c. in top of next, ch. 3, d. c. in top of next picot, ch. 3, s. c. in top of next, repeat around.

10th row.—Ch. 3, 2 tr. c. in same, sl. 3, 3 tr. c. in fourth, repeat eight times, then * 3, tr. c. under l. of ch. 3, repeat from * around, fasten in top of first tr. c.

11th row.—Ch. 3, 2 tr. c. in same st., 3 tr. c. between groups of 3 tr. c. in preceding row, nine times, this forms a neck, sl. 3 sts., 3 tr. c. in fourth, 1 ch., 3 tr. c. in same to form shell, sl. 3, shell in fourth all around to neck, fasten in top of stitch.

12th row.—Ch. 3, 2 tr. c. in same, repeat 11 times, shell of 4 tr. c. 1 ch., 4 tr. c. in shell, repeat to neck.

13th row.—3 ch., 2 tr. c. in same, repeat 12 times, shell of 9 tr. c. in shell, repeat around, fasten in top of first st. of neck. This com-



DAISY HANDKERCHIEF BAG.

pletes one half, make the other just like first, turn right sides together and join edges of scallops, leaving neck open. For daisy, use either cream or color of lining, narrow ribbon, fasten under loop of three chain in first row of shells, then run through center, repeat from the 8 points and fasten a little yellow center in, run inch and one half ribbon through last row of tr. c., under three, over six, and finish with bow and loop to hang up by.

MRS. MINNIE FISER.



Points to Remember

Always write on one side of the paper only and leave space between the lines.

Write recipes, hints and requests on separate paper instead of including them in the letters.

Mail all letters at least THREE MONTHS before the issue for which they are intended.

Always give your correct name and address, as no letter will be published excepting over it. This enables the sisters to write directly to each other.

Do not write us for samples or patterns of the fancy work which have appeared. When publishing any particular piece of work, we give the plainest possible directions for making and usually illustrate it. It is absolutely useless for you to write for more information, or for samples, or patterns of anything unless stated that they can be supplied.

As it has come to our notice that sisters have been asking certain sums for information and patterns that should have been furnished free, we here give notice that no charge should be made or money asked for any offers of assistance or information which have or will appear in any letters here published; should there be, kindly notify us, and the offender will be denied the further use of these columns. As this department is run solely to afford an opportunity for the mutual exchange of ideas, recipes, and helpful information, we do not intend it to be used by anyone for a commercial purpose.

Do not send us exchange notices; we have no exchange column, and cannot publish them.

Do not ask us to publish letters referring to money in any way, such as requesting donations or offering articles for sale. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitle you to such a notice. See offer.

All subscribers are cordially invited to write to this department and all send an equal chance of having their letters appear, whether they are old or new members. As our space is limited, naturally the most interesting helpful letters are selected.

Write fully of your views and ideas, yourself and home surroundings, "give as freely as ye receive," but if your first letter does not appear, do not feel utterly discouraged. Remember the old adage, "if at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

Address all letters for this department to Mrs. WHEELER WILKINSON, care COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Mrs. H. Dutcher, Box 34, Elizaville, N. Y. writes:

This corner is like a visit from old friends, and though I have never written a word before, in heart and mind I am in the ranks.

Many of the letters take me back to my younger days and give much comfort and encouragement to an old lady of sixty-one. I can truly sympathize with the shut-ins, for I have had rheumatism for twenty years, but only lightly—twice have been laid up for a few days. I thank God I am as well as I am, and pity all who suffer from this dread disease.

Next comes a young mother, whose baby certainly is fortunate; she writes:

I noticed in one of the letters that a sister told how many grandparents her baby had. I have a baby boy, ten months old, named Clarence Cleo, who has four great grandmothers, one great-grandfather, two step-great-grandfathers, two grandfathers, and two grandmothers living. He has seen all of them excepting one great-grandmother and one step-great-grandfather. How many babies fair better than this?

Mrs. BERTHA DUGAR, Rose Hill, Ill.

Mrs. J. E. Muldoon's address was incorrectly given in the March issue, it is Box 102, Waco, R. F. D., 6, Texas. She lives on a farm three miles south of the city, and says:

I have three little Jersey cows which I care for, and from which I make all my pin money. I make pots of them, they each are named and will come when called. I wonder how many of the sisters have tried this way of making money. I like the exercise and outdoor life. I would be glad to receive letters especially from any bearing the name of McCullar.

Our next is from a manager, indeed, for who could do better than this brave little woman who writes a bright cheery letter and winds up by saying:

"I have only three dollars a week to buy wood, pay rent and live on, and this I earn myself, yet we live in a way—what do you think of my management?"

She has three little ones, a baby girl a year old, and two boys five and seven. All of their clothes she makes of old garments, and adds that every inch is used for something. Remember her, sisters, with letters and anything which would be of use. Address

Mrs. ELLA MANCHESTER, New Berlin, N. Y.

A representative of Charlotte, Mich. is next in line. She is twenty-six years of age, five feet one inch short, and weighs about ninety pounds, has blue eyes, brown hair, and has been married six years June 19, on which date she wishes a letter party. But if you all don't have time to write before then, without doubt the letters will be as welcome later. She further says she would like to make a COMFORT friendship crazy-quilt and would like all of the sisters, and cousins also, to send a quilt block, any design, with name, town and state, worked in middle of block. She would like every state represented.

Mrs. CLARENCE O. WHITE, 620 W. Lawrence Ave., Charlotte, Mich.

A bereaved one, having just lost a kind good husband, asks for letters of cheer and sympathy. Remember her on her birthday, July 11. Address

Mrs. MATTIE BUCKINGHAM, Kansas, R. F. D., 1, Ohio.

Mrs. Bella J. Richardson, Ottumwa, R. F. D., 2, Iowa, an eighty-five-year-old sister, writes under date of Apr. 2nd that the peach and cherry trees are in bloom and the weather like May. How good that sounds, for in New England the winds are still chilly. This dear old lady is almost blind, but still enjoys COMFORT, and would be delighted to be remembered with letters. Read Mrs. Richardson's letter and then write her a good long one.

For Red Ants

Someone wanted to know a remedy for little red ants.

Equal parts of powdered borax and sugar sprinkled wherever they are found will drive them away immediately.

ANNA V. BURCH, 1008 E. Adams St., Muncie, Indiana.

Miss Ethel Morris, Fitzgerald, Ga., sends in the directions for making a paper garden-hat:

Take heavy light brown wrapping paper, such as express packages come in. Cut a strip two and one fourth yards long and seven inches wide, and double box plait it till it is about nine inches long, just fastening it at one end of plait, sew ends of paper together. This makes a fluted rim. For the crown use a round piece of paper fifteen inches in diameter, and plait all around one inch from edge, to fit inside of rim. Sew

to rim where the plaits in the crown are, sew good, so it will be stout, and not flap too much. Put lawn strings on, and you will have a hat very much to your liking. We have had one the last two summers. If made well one will last at least one summer, and maybe more.

For the dear sufferers we gladly give any recipes which may prove of benefit. Christiana Doges submits this

Tested Recipe for Rheumatism

Take five cents' worth of sulphur and a quart of best gin, mix well before using, dose, one large spoonful each evening at bedtime. When bottom becomes thick add more gin. Persons using this should not get wet.

From California comes these lines:

We are only a few miles from the Mexican line; this county has a good many olive, orange and lemon groves, and fine reservoirs and water systems and four years of waiting have the prospect of three railroads, and everybody is happy and everything is booming. We have a ranch of one hundred and sixty acres, our main orchard is fig trees. I made fourteen hundred pounds of sweet pickled figs, so if any want some just 'phone me.

If anyone reading this, who lived in Kansas from 1865 to 1868, recognizes my name and will write me I will be glad to answer, for I spent three happy years near Hiawatha, Brown Co., Kans.

CAROLINE E. DISHER MOORE, Dulzura, San Diego Co., California.

Mrs. Mollie Carper, Hico, Texas, wrote an interesting letter, from which we quote the following:

I am a new but interested reader. I saw a letter from a lady who lives in the same Co. in Mo., in which I spent my first years; how it made me think of childhood days, and I dreamed of our old home and its surroundings, the pretty woods I played in with two little brothers, in happy days gone by. We lived in Summerville, Texas Co., on what used to be the Trailkiss place, with two sweet little girls of my own. As I have drifted a long distance from the old home, I should enjoy hearing from sisters living in that vicinity.

Here we have mild winters but not such good fruit as we had in Mo. My parents live in Washita Co., Okla. My mother visited us last Christmas. I am going to see them, then I will write again and tell you all about my trip.

A sister who is naturally reluctant to sign her full name strikes a true note when she says:

Dear sisters, and especially young sisters, I would say to you all, never marry excepting for love. I was married at seventeen, I was alone, in poor health, had to work for my living, and I wanted a home. I married a good man and one who is kind to me, but in every married life there are shadows as well as sunshine, and I know how hard it is to be patient when the shadows come, if love is lacking. I know life is not what it would be if I truly loved my husband. Besides I believe love comes to all sooner or later, and what if it comes too late. Heed my warning, dear ones, and let nothing but love ever induce you to take the fatal step. Better, I say, starvation in a workhouse than a loveless marriage.

I wonder how many have ever had this experience of which Mrs. Gauthier writes:

Let us all plant some Morning Glories and try it. She says:

I wonder if any of the sisters ever saw Morning Glories opening. One morning, last summer I was out on the back porch which was covered with Morning Glories. Looking up, I saw a beautiful sight, all the buds unfolded. The next morning I got up before five o'clock so I might see them open again. I sat near the vines, the buds were all closed up tightly. Suddenly, yet softly, without even the faintest whisper of a sound, but with the merest trembling of the vine, all the little white buds opened at the same time. It was not more than six seconds after they began to open before the last bud had been unfolded. It seems that just as the morning air reached a certain degree of lightness, all the flowers came open. There were a few ill-shaped and deformed ones which did not open so readily. This little experience gave me a deeper love for flowers and a deeper love for the good Lord who fashioned them so wonderfully.

My home is in the heart of the beautiful Berkshire hills, and I dearly love the country. MISS ALICE G. GAUTHIER, 93 Dawes Ave., Pittsfield, Mass.

From Pennsylvania comes the following:

I first thought I must express my gratitude and appreciation of COMFORT as I have found so many good things to help me in various ways. In these columns. I do feel sorry for the shut-ins, and am going to try and see if I cannot give them a little sunshine, this very day. When I am doing my work, I often look around my little home, and although humble, I feel my heart swelling with thankfulness to God, for giving me so much. I have one of the best husbands, and dear sisters, I try to be everything to him, and he appreciates me. I am the mother of three bouncing boys, and have my hands full to overflowing, but am trying with God's help to lead the little feet in the right path. I find it very hard sometimes, two, at least, are so different in disposition, that what benefits one, does harm to the other.

To the sister who suffers from salt-rheum or tetter, try the following:

Take potato peeling, and boil in plenty of water, then wash hands in the liquid as hot as one can stand, doing this two or three times a day. I have used this with success, when a dozen of salves failed.

Mrs. R. F. SATRE, 5021 Osceola St., Hazelwood, Pa.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

From this beautiful sunny clime I send greeting to you all. How rapidly time flies. It seems only a short while since I last wrote, yet over a year has glided by, and with its passing, changes have come to hearts and homes. Many of the sisters have been made to bow under the weight of sorrow. I can sympathize with them as only one, who has passed through the same sorrow, can. Let us all cast our care upon the Lord, for He alone can give real comfort.

My sympathy is also with those dear motherless ones, for what is home without a mother, they are always so ready to help us in every little trial.

Dear sisters, those of you who still have your parents, assist them from care, instead of burdening them with little grievances of daily life, which perhaps will cause them many wakeful hours of unrest. When you visit the old home, try to be a help, relieve the mother, lighten her labor, and see that she always has the most comfortable chair. The toll and self-denial of their earlier years can be rewarded by our kind thoughtfulness. What a privilege it is to add peace and contentment to their last years. It is a privilege we should not neglect. How different it will be when they are gone, when we no more are greeted by the sweet smile of welcome.

Now a word about the children. Of late there has been considerable said about rearing them and the best method of commanding obedience. I'm sure there are many children who do not need the use of the rod, which many of the sisters are trying to put entirely out of use, but there are some to my knowledge that I almost shudder to think what might have been their lot had it been left entirely out of their course of training. When my first child was entrusted to my care, oh, how proud I was, and what an ideal life I planned for him, but when my second child came and grew to be large enough to play

with him, to my sorrow I found he had a most irritable and ungovernable temper, and so self-willed he would pounce upon his little brother at the least provocation. Then I was confronted with the grave responsibility of a mother's duty. Nothing short of the rod would do, but with the help of Him who shows us our duty, I taught the little fellow to control his temper, and now that he is grown up it would be hard to find a young man with a sweeter disposition and better control of his temper. He also loves and respects his mother. I speak of this for the benefit of some mother who is having the same trial, and say it is better to command obedience and teach a child self-control when it is young, even though you have to resort to the rod, and it costs you many tears, than to dispense with discipline and suffer the trials which will surely follow later.

We should never punish our child in an angry mood, and when we are forced to correct them, should let them know that it grieves us, and that it is only for their good that we do it. I have known parents who would even allow their children to strike them when they were punishing them in a kindly way, and have thought of the sorrow which would surely be theirs in after years.

I have written in a very rambling way, just as my mind dictates, if I only had the gift of expression like some of you I would like to write often.

I want to thank all who so generously responded to my request for pieces for my quilt. I still need more, do any of you know where I can send for some?

I have found some delightful acquaintances through these columns.

Mrs. Thompson. Did you receive my letter? I hope your plan will be a success.

There was a slight mistake in my last letter, as my initials are I. C. instead of I. P.

Mrs. I. C. WINDHAM, Homewood, Miss.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

As I have read the letters from different places, I have thought, why not write one myself. Each writer seems like a dear acquaintance.

I am not very tall, have blue-gray eyes, dark brown hair, weigh one hundred and ten pounds, age twenty-eight years. I have not seen a letter from Ericson, and will tell you something about it.

It is a small place, but it is growing and improving rapidly, yet I do not like it as well as I did my former home. It makes no difference where we go, we will always have a tender spot for our old home.

We live on a ranch now, and after living in a city, it seems lonely sometimes. Since I came here my dear mother crossed the deep waters with the angel boatman, and now triumphantly the Saviour has prepared. The flowers awakening from winter's long reign always remind me of the glorious resurrection.

I am the mother of four, two boys and two girls. They are very dear to us. Mothers, let us appreciate every little attention offered by our boys and girls, and beware of keeping them hungry-hearted. My children love to kiss me, and I kiss them. It is a great pleasure for all and little aches and grievances. God grant they may be spared to me, and be an honor to me that I may live to bless the day they were born.

J. A. D. It gives me great pleasure to read your letters.

Mrs. Nelson Ashdown. We must try very hard and not be irritable with the children. Sometimes we are overwrought by the everlasting round of home duties and need rest—it is the best tonic.

Mrs. Estelle Poynter. I am sorry for you. My husband is kind and good to me, I don't know what I should do if he were to cease to be affectionate. I think I have one of the best and truest men that ever lived. He never comes in without a kiss of welcome, or leaves without a good by kiss, and what a world of good it does us both.

Mrs. Mac Tuttle. I believe I should like you for a neighbor. The gift of seeing the light side of nature instead of the dark, the humorous instead of the tragic, is one of the best gifts we have.

I would like the sisters to give me a letter party on the 5th of June.

I do all kinds of fancy work, when I have time. Here are two remedies which may be of benefit.

Rheumatism Cure

Put two beef gallons into a pint bottle, fill bottle with whiskey. Apply often to affected parts.

Cure for Diphtheria

Juice from a ripe pineapple, given in teaspoonful doses slowly. This has been tried with great success.

Mrs. EDITH TRENNHAILE, Ericson, Wheeler Co., Neb.

MY DEARS:

Some of my dear bachelor girls wish me to enlighten them regarding what to take on short trips that can be carried in a suit case? What one's pocketbook will allow is an important feature. For traveling, nothing is better than a skirt and jacket of some light-weight serge goods, mohair, panama or brilliantine, gray is the best color, with shirt-waist of gray china silk, gloves to match, hat can be a plain white straw sailor trimmed with band of white or gray, with white veil to cover the entire hat and to tie under the chin, the veil can be removed at any time, of course, or if one wishes to wear a dressy hat, provide a soft, large paper sack, into which the hat can be placed during a journey or dusty ride, and a cap donned in its place which can be bought most anywhere for twenty-five cents. The paper sack containing hat can be tied into the suit case or hung up in the car, out of harm's way.

With this costume it would be well to have a white shirt-waist, gloves and canvas shoes, and if on the cars, one can retire to the toilet-room and dust, brush, and shake off the dust and soot, don the white waist, shoes, gloves, etc., and lo! you are transformed, and will look cool and neat. As to the contents of the suit case, if going where you will be required to have an evening toilette, a silk, or some of the light pretty goods, with a fancy nightgown will be necessary, and let me give you any color about it, if the said dress has ribbons, provide yourself with some silk or satin to match the ribbon, and cover a pair of black slippers with it. I have known them to be covered so nicely and neatly, that one could dance in them for an entire evening, mind, I do not advise the dancing, as that is a pretty severe test on them.

For morning wear nothing is cooler than a shirt-waist suit made of anything sheer and pretty from five cent goods up as high as the purse will permit. For underwear a dark-colored petticoat of light-weight goods, with for a full figure it is not advisable to wear too many, one white petticoat would be necessary for the light-colored dress. Gauze underwear in one or two piece suits (as one's fancy dictates), hosiery: black for all round wear, or shoes, and pink, if pink slippers are worn. Still another suggestion should one wish a pair of them in blue as dark as desired. Now for the nightdresses: one of the most cool and delightful is china silk of any color; it can be utilized as a lounging robe, too. Two nightgowns made of thin cheap cotton cloth, half low-necked, with elbow sleeves, do not take up much space.

was particularly interested in our April number, the machine-made dolly, marguerite collar, wheel lace, chestnut burr quilt design, and the slipper watch pocket.

Mrs. Ryder. I should call your eyes one of the many shades of blue.

Miss Nichols. The climate of the Berkshire Hills in Massachusetts, where it is high, dry and healthy might benefit catarrh, and surely would throat trouble. People are troubled with catarrh, if it has become deeply seated, in all parts of the country.

Mrs. J. E. Huffman, 801 Kimball Avenue, Roanoke, Va., writes me: "I am one of your little folks, weighing one hundred and ninety pounds, a young housekeeper, and get many useful hints and suggestions from our dear COMFORT. Will you ask the sisters to please send me some woolen pieces, or silk, to piece a quilt, it is so hard for young housekeepers that have no rag bag and piece bag to go to, like the older ones. I have three books, 'Dora Deane,' 'Golden Hearts,' 'Maid, Wife or Widow,' that I have read and would like to pass on. My birthday was April 15th."

Mrs. E. H. Behrens. To make the linoleum wear longer and better, try varnishing it. As to the mending, wash frequently in salt water, or water with ox gall soap in it; by keeping rugs around where most of the wear comes will assist in preserving it. I have the poem, "Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight," which I will be pleased to send you if you will inclose stamped, directed envelope.

Iris McKinsie. Ulceration of the bladder is a very serious trouble. Why not consult our dear COMFORT physician? For simple bladder irritation a tea made of Buchu leaves is good, nutritious diet and pure water to drink. But try our own medical man.

Estelle Poynter. I will tell you something about bees and goats next month.

Mrs. Mary Low. Caraway seed can be bought at any druggist or seed store, you might get a few, plant and raise them yourself.

Mrs. Mansfield. No wonder you wanted COMFORT to make you feel at home.

Mrs. Clemens Smith, Bremen, R. F. D., 3, Georgia, and Mrs. Jennie Huff, Villa Rica, Georgia. I cannot send any more beer seed at present, so many writing for them only inclosed a stamp, forgetting that envelopes and paper cost money.

Mrs. Rickard. No wonder "Mother" was interested in COMFORT. Did she not think it the very best paper published?

Mrs. Carver. You will find "Shells of the Ocean" in the book of old songs published by our dear COMFORT. You can get it for only forty-five cents (or three subscriptions.)

I thank all those sending me souvenir cards. I would like to return the favor, but cannot. Please do not send me any more.

I wonder if any of my college girls have got any of those pretty facsimile water-color pictures, framed neatly in oval metal frames? They are just the things for the walls of those cozy college rooms or for one's den at home; you can get one for the price of three subscribers to COMFORT.

Many have written me and sent recipes, which I am treasuring up, and I will send them into the paper just as soon as I possibly can, as they are all so good, I wish all our readers to share in them.

If I neglected to answer any of the letters sent me during March, I know that I was very ill, and some might have been overlooked.

Will the St. Louis sister kindly return my crocheted patterns? Let us remember to inclose a stamped, plainly directed envelope, and a sheet of paper when writing for a favor to a stranger, bearing in mind that a hundred or two letters may be received, and that envelope and stamp are not the only things required.

J. A. D. (Mrs. VAN DYKE), Orange, R. F. D., 1, Mass.

DEAR COMFORT FAMILY:

Good morning! Did you ever really think what that word means, good, yes, good morning! This is a beautiful world to live in, only mankind is out of harmony with God. I thought last fall that the weather was as near perfect as one could desire, the winter followed, just cold enough to be healthful and pleasant to most folks here, but as I am not burdened with any surplus flesh, the cold got right next to my bones, even if the mercury did not go below zero, and now the beautiful spring with its gladsome sunshine, its balmy breezes, flowers and song-birds are right around me, yes, and the little children.

I am afflicted, and seldom go from home, but I live on a hill in a lovely neighborhood. I can look away to the west and see the mountains, and to the southeast and see the town and University, where our boys and girls go to prepare for useful lives. If I had a trumpet sufficient, I'd stand right here and call every ambitious boy and girl from the remotest corner of our state, and tell them to come to the fountain and drink deep from the wells of knowledge, and get ready to live, and be assured that he who lives right will die right. There have been many diamonds in the rough that by almost a superhuman effort got here, and after staying five or six years went away polished and beautiful. I would tell all the other boys and girls to ask and find out how they can enter their State University, the matriculation fee is almost nothing, and no tuition. Some of them can pay their board in part or all, working in private families, and the cost of board at the dormitories is little. My boy pays part of his way working at the Experiment Station, which is very helpful in learning how to work, that counts for much to a fatherless boy.

I pity the shut-ins. If I could, I would take each one to my heart and say, be patient, think less about self and more of God and other people, and the dear old mother of whom I recently read; her three sons, well-to-do men, permitted her to go to the poorhouse. Shame on such sons and daughters, who will mistreat the author of their being. I believe parents and children according to their ability should do what they can in the home. Never let anything, over which we have control, keep us away from church, for there is where we can usually get spiritual food, and food we must have. Right here I want to say that I sit to cook, wash and iron, to be sure I have to stand and wash some. I would say to the rheumatic, sleep in a sunny room, and live in the sunshine as much as possible, and drink soft water.

Can anyone tell me from experience or observation, if the ocean or gulf coast baths will cure catarrh of kidney and bladder? I will do what I can to pay for trouble and stamp.

Mrs. A. D. CHESTER, Fayetteville, R. F. D., 2, Ark.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

It was years ago when I saw the first copy of COMFORT, and I have been a subscriber for four years.

We live on a homestead ranch, in the foothills east side of the Coast Range mountains. I have been here more than two years, but do not like California, especially this part, as well as some other states I have lived in. The winds are very disagreeable, and the summer too warm, and no rain.

How many of you living in the country, grow flowers? I do, and think like Beecher, the great divine, who said: "Flowers are the sweetest things God ever made, and forgot to put a soul into." Some of my favorites are roses, carnations, violets and pansies, but I love them all.

Will the sister or cousin who said her hobby was flowers, please write again? I can't find the paper containing her letter.

Those who have had to give up the most precious of all gifts—the baby, have my deepest sympathy. I have a little blue-eyed darling in the city of angels. The little white casket will ever be an indelible picture of memory. I miss her much. Yet, when I think of the many sorrows she has escaped, I bow in humble submission and say: "Thy will be done."

To the shut-ins, I would say: I have been a sufferer the most of my life, from nervous trouble, and sympathize truly with all sufferers.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 9.)

JERRY, THE BACKWOODS BOY

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By Horatio Alger, Jr.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Jerry Blue, a boy fourteen years old, lives with Squire Parkhurst. Going in search of a lost cow he finds hoof prints. He hears an odd sound, and "Stop, Nero! Stop, I tell you!" Suddenly a horse bursts into view. From one stirrup drags the form of a horseman. Jerry stops the horse, saving the man from death. Henry Maxwell questions Jerry as to his parents and his home. He is Squire Parkhurst's bound boy and was taken by him out of the poorhouse in New York City. Jerry does not know how long he was there. A man named Cass takes him away for two years; he is killed and Jerry goes back. Henry Maxwell gives him gold for his bravery. When he goes back to New York he will look into the matter for him. Jerry does not dream of the odd things to happen before the secret of his identity is revealed.

A few miles to the south of where Jerry meets Henry Maxwell, night and darkness overtake Dick Clarke, who meets Indian John, and asks him to guide him to a place of shelter. They arrive at Hill's Tavern. The landlord is curious as to his visitor's home and name. He may call him Clarke, as to his stay he will be guided by circumstances, and he inquires about the chief settlers. There is Isaac Davenport, an officer in the war, Henry, the Major's only son, a graduate of Harvard, Squire Parkhurst, and his daughter Mabel. The landlord often sees Henry Davenport and Mabel Parkhurst riding together.

Mehitable Higgins lives at Squire Parkhurst's, and at thirty-seven is unmarried, and unwilling to admit the years. Jerry Blue annoys Mehitable.

Jerry Blue takes a gun to shoot deer. Dick Clarke inquires of the landlord the way to Squire Parkhurst's. As he walks along there is the discharge of a gun, the bullet of which lodges in his hat. Jerry mistakes him for a deer. Dick Clarke asks the boy to conduct him to Squire Parkhurst's. Jerry tries to conceal the gun, but Mehitable meets him. Jerry relates his adventures and reckons he's in search of a wife. Dick Clarke meets Squire Parkhurst, and tells him he is a lawyer by profession. Though Squire Parkhurst lives in the wilderness, Dick Clarke knows he was born to wealth. Inheriting fifty thousand dollars from his father, his investments fail and he leaves New York. His daughter takes the change more kindly than he. Mr. Parkhurst is anxious and ready to hear anything he may have to say. Dick Clarke has the power to replace him in his old position, and promises nothing he cannot perform.

Dick Clarke buys, at auction, an antique desk belonging to Squire Parkhurst's father. He discovers a hidden drawer, containing a paper, which tells the place of concealment of a large fortune left by Squire Parkhurst's father. Dick Clarke thinks the finder should receive some reward and seeks the hand of Mabel Parkhurst. Her father yields so much that he agrees to give him the marriage portion, ten thousand dollars. Dick Clarke refuses the sum, without Mabel for his bride. He knows where the money is concealed. Jerry's opinion of Dick Clarke is not favorable; he thinks he has seen him before at Dan Cass's, or the poorhouse. Jerry starts fishing; he meets Henry Davenport who inquires for Mabel. He finds her near the wilderness home. He declares his love, and steals the first kiss. Jerry, perched on one of the upper branches, witnesses all.

Henry and Mabel agree to make their love known to their parents. Mabel asks to see her father alone. Mehitable's curiosity is aroused. Mr. Parkhurst makes known to Mabel the object of Dick Clarke's visit. The revelation gives her pleasure, but not for herself. Her father remembers she has something to say and she tells of her love for Henry Davenport. If she marries Henry Davenport he may never recover his property. Mabel insists he be given what her father intends for her, and not ask her to surrender all the happiness of her life to this man's keeping. She loves Henry Davenport, as for this man she only does not love, but she believes she begins to hate him. She will see him herself, and beseech him to take from her the hard choice of sacrificing herself and bringing unhappiness to her father. Mabel calls. The condition of restoring her father's property relates to herself, and it is impossible for her father to comply with it. Her heart is won by Henry Davenport. She urges Dick Clarke to accept a part of the money, it is in his power to place in her father's hands. It's a proposition he cannot consider. Mabel bids him good morning. Clarke admires her pride.

Long Arrow, an Indian, has a daughter Waurega, who must be the wife of one brave and skillful. The formidable rival is Indian John. Okanoga is the favored suitor. Indian John yields to temptation and becomes unconscious from drink.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE TRIAL OF SKILL.

THE young men who were to engage in the trial of skill were already on the ground. On a similar occasion among the whites there would doubtless have been a large amount of noise and confusion, but here, on the contrary, the most perfect decorum reigned.

The rival archers formed a group by themselves. Whatever might have been their feelings towards each other, in reference to the approaching contest, nothing appeared in their faces but that impassive look with which an Indian so successfully veils his real thoughts.

When, however, Long Arrow, the chief led out Waurega, attired in her Indian finery, nature asserted itself, and a low murmur of admiration ran along the whole line. But this was immediately checked, and their attention was at once called to the purpose for which they had assembled.

For a mark, a circular section of bark had been stripped from a tree at the distance of a hundred yards. In removing the bark, however, an inner ring had been left, and while an arrow striking anywhere within the circle would indicate fair skill, it was expected that the best archers would hit within the inner ring, in which the exact center had been marked as nearly as could be indicated. To hit this at such a distance would require a degree of skill that might well entitle the one who displayed it to the glory and the meed of victor.

All stood by, waiting for the chief to give the signal for the trial to commence. Raising his hand to command attention, he commenced:

"My children, you have come to see which can draw the best bow. The daughter of Long Arrow is before you." Here he pointed to Waurega, who modestly cast down her eyes.

The chief proceeded to reiterate his assurance of the morning that he who came out of the approaching contest a victor should lead Waurega to his wigwam as his wife.

The signal to commence was now given, and according to previous arrangement, one of the number stepped forward, and drawing his bow to the proper position, let fly the arrow.

The young man who had been appointed to lead off was of a character more frequently found among the whites than among his own

nation. In other words, he had a great deal of self-complacency with very little real merit on which to base it.

True to his character, he stepped up to the place appointed, with the step of one that was confident of victory, and after a sweeping glance around him to see if he was likely to receive the attention which he coveted, he threw himself into an attitude, and after sundry preliminary flourishes, discharged his arrow as above described.

The eyes of the spectators simultaneously followed the flight of the arrow, and a laugh of derision was heard on all sides when it was found that instead of hitting the center, as the archer had boasted that he should do, it had not even struck the tree.

This utter lack of success was too much even for the self-complacent youth who had drawn the bow. He slunk back to his former place, muttering something to the effect that his bow was not in good condition.

He was quickly succeeded by the next contestant, who, taught by the humiliating failure of his predecessor that it was not well to put on airs, walked up modestly, and drew his bow with caution. His shot was a very good one, striking the inner circle of bark which had been left as above described.

The youth left the stand well pleased with his success. He did not anticipate gaining the prize, for he well knew that there were others present who were his superiors. But he had exhibited a very commendable degree of skill, and had no reason to be ashamed of his effort.

To him succeeded another, a mere youth, who had as yet attained but the age of eighteen, and who, by courtesy alone, was admitted to the present contest. His youth precluded him from being a claimant for Waurega's hand, but he wished to have a part in the trial, in order to measure his skill with that of the rest.

His arrow struck within the outer circle, towards the rim. This too, considering the inexperience of the archer, was a creditable shot.

But it is not my purpose to narrate in detail the efforts of the contestants. The first proved to be the poorest. All struck the tree, though one failed to strike within the circle. At length one remained, and this Okanoga, who, by general consent, had been suffered to take the last place. Great as was his skill, the task which remained for him was not of the easiest. Two of those who had preceded him had struck within the inner circle, one very near the center. The success of the last had struck Waurega with sudden terror. Her own training had taught her that the shot was an admirable one. What increased her apprehension was the personal dislike which she entertained towards the one thus successful.

It was with a glance unconsciously appealing that she looked at Okanoga as he approached the stand.

The young man's air was cool and composed. His step was elastic, and he did not appear to fear for the result. He appeared strikingly handsome as he stood in an attitude of careless grace, with one foot placed a little before the other. More than Waurega looked upon him as the Adonis of the tribe, and more than one would have been glad to win him from the chief's daughter. So among the maidens it was generally hoped that he would be unsuccessful in the present trial, as he would then be obliged to seek another bride. The men in the tribe, except those personally interested, were, on the contrary, hopeful of his success. But all, whatever might be their feelings, watched with the greatest interest the appearance of this last champion, whose good or ill success would decide the question.

Though not flustered, Okanoga evidently felt the responsibility of his position. With a fair reliance upon his own ability, he was by no means inclined to a rash confidence. He exercised the utmost care in taking aim;

See first page illustration.

with his keen eye he fixed upon the central spot, and aimed for that. His arrow was discharged amid the greatest excitement on the part of the spectators. A moment of suspense, and quickly cleaving the air, it struck, and quivered in the target's very center.

There was a loud murmur of applause, in which some even of the disappointed joined. They applauded the shot rather than the archer. When the question was thus settled, Okanoga drew aside, and lifting his eyes to the face of the chief, modestly waited for him to speak.

By a gesture the chief signified to the young man to advance.

He took the hand of his unresisting daughter and said: "I have seen the bow of Okanoga, and it is strong. I marked the flight of his arrow, and it was swift. It struck the mark. Okanoga's arrow is the best. Let him lead the daughter of the chief to his wigwam—"

The heart of Okanoga beat high with exultation, and his eye sparkled with joy, as he took the proffered hand and led away the embarrassed but happy Waurega.

Mean time a different scene was enacting in another wigwam.

John had not made his appearance among the contestants. His father's eye scanned anxiously the ranks of the young men, and he could not see him. His heart sank within him, for he had set his heart upon his son's embracing this chance of winning back his lost reputation.

It occurred to him, however, that he might be preparing his bow. But when one after another stepped up and discharged his arrow, the father became uneasy, and stole away from the crowd, taking his way to his own wigwam.

He had scarcely entered when the cause of his son's absence was revealed to him. Prostrate he lay upon the floor in the stupor of intoxication, with the bottle at his side.

A stern anguish settled upon the face of the father, but without disturbing his son he went back to the scene of the contest, and watched

the remainder of the proceedings, outwardly calm, but with an aching heart.

But during this time he had taken his resolution, which he only waited for the conclusion of the trial to carry into execution.

CHAPTER XIX.

FATHER AGAINST SON.

The iron had entered deeply into the soul of the shamed and indignant Indian father. In proportion as he had been proud of the skill and promise of his son, he felt a like sorrow at the bitter disappointment of his most cherished hopes. He remembered the fondness with which he had watched the youthful gambols of his child—dearer to him because an only son, his first and last born. He remembered how even then he felt proud of the boy's superiority to his playfellows, and looked forward with hope to his assuming by right of merit a place in the tribe second only to that of the chief. There came back to him a hundred trifles—yet no trifles in a father's remembrance—on which he had dwelt fondly when his son was yet in the freshness of his untainted youth, ere he had bowed his knee to the idol which the whites had set up to lure their people to destruction.

Even after he began to develop the fatal taste that had become so strong, he hoped for the best; that his son would break away from the unworthy habit which was sapping the foundations of his manhood, and once more walk erect in all the consciousness of his strength and superiority over his fellows.

But now these hopes were forever at an end. John had resisted the strongest inducement which could possibly be brought to bear upon him. He had had it in his power at one bound to vault back into his wonted place. Reputation and affection alike combined to bid him put under his feet the serpent which enthralled him. But notwithstanding all these motives to conquer his appetite, if only a short time, he had ignominiously fallen a victim to the bottle. The father felt that this decided the matter. After this his son's reformation was no longer to be hoped. For the remainder of his life he was destined to wear the degrading chains of the enslaver, bringing disgrace upon himself, upon his father, and upon his tribe.

This thought was bitter in the extreme to the proud old man. A spirit akin to that of the Roman father rose in his heart, and he resolved to take a step which only utter despair could prompt; that he would take away that life which, if spared, would be spent in such humiliating subjection. No longer should the smile of derision appear on the faces even of the children, when his son staggered home in helpless inebriety. It would be a grievous thing to be childless by his own act, but he saw no alternative. He did not stop to regard the consequences to himself. Probably they would not be serious, parental authority being greater among the Indians than with the whites, and he would be regarded as having acted not without some provocation; but even if the act were to be followed by his own death, this consideration would not have stayed his hand. He was an Indian and had all the Indian contempt of death. The assertion and protection of his own honor he looked upon as of much more moment than the question of life.

Long did the father ponder in bitterness of soul on his son's degradation before he came to this resolution. Having formed it, he took his way slowly to his lodge, where he found his son as when he last saw him, lying upon the earthen floor with the bottle beside him. His eyes were closed, and his stupor was not yet over.

The father gave one glance at him, and then walked to the corner where he was accustomed to keep his tomahawk.

He lifted the weapon, and stood for a moment gazing thoughtfully upon it. To him it brought back a thousand recollections of incidents in the field and on the war-path. With it he had cleft the skull of a chief of the Seminoles, and man a less note foe had bit the dust under its vengeful blow. By it he had won all his fame as a doughty warrior. But now his step had become slow, and his eye had lost its wonted keenness. His arm retained a portion only of its ancient strength. He was one of the old men now, would go forth no more on the war-path. His tomahawk had been laid aside, and he had thought to use it no more. The time was when he had intended to bequeath it to his son, telling him at the same time of the brave execution which it had wrought, and exhorting him not to fall behind his father's name. But the time for such thoughts was over. His son had proved recreant. He had tarnished his father's honorable fame, and he had reserved it as the last and crowning work of this, his trusty companion in a hundred skirmishes, to put an end to the life of his son.

The old man lifted the weapon stained with the blood it had shed, and strode to the side of his son.

He had thought his resolution firm, but as he looked down upon the form at his feet his stern purpose wavered.

The face of his son assumed to him, it might have been his imagination preternaturally active at that time, which suggested it, but he fancied he saw a startling resemblance in the expression to the mother now for ten years dead, and whom he had loved with an intensity not common among his people.

Then the thought arose: It was her son as well as his that he was about to slay. When they met in the happy hunting grounds, would she not reproach him? This thought called up others which appealed to the paternal tenderness with which he had once regarded his only child, and which, in spite of the latter's shortcomings, was only slumbering, and not wholly lost.

Twice he raised the tomahawk, and twice he let his arm fall to his side—his resolution each time giving way.

It was at this moment that John opened his eyes.

He was so far recovered from the effects of his intoxication as to regard with astonishment the aspect and attitude of his father. "What would my father do?" he asked, hardly comprehending the real purpose of his father.

"What has his son done?" demanded the father bitterly. "Has he not brought shame to the lodge of his father, and made himself to be laughed at by the women and the boys?"

"Who laughs at John?" demanded the young man, with a touch of his ancient fierceness. "Show him to me, and my knife shall drink his blood."

The father laughed a bitter, mocking laugh. "John has sold himself to the English for their fire water. He is no longer a man. He has become a woman. Once he could shoot, but he can do so no more. All the young men shoot better than he."

"It is a lie!" said the son fiercely.

Strangely enough, the father seemed to look with stern joy upon these ebullitions of his son's anger. Had he meekly acquiesced in the reproaches, his heart would have hardened against him, and he might yet have carried out his purpose. But he recognized in the young man's impatience a remnant of the ancient spirit which he feared had died out in his heart.

He continued: "The young men tried their bows to see which would shoot the best arrow, and lead the daughter of the chief to his wigwam. All the young men were there, but John was not there. He did not dare to shoot against the young men—for he is not a warrior, he is only a dog."

The breath of the young man came fast, and he glared at his father with a look of determined hostility.

"John is not a dog. He is a great brave," he muttered sullenly.

His father laughed in derision.

"He is a dog, a drunken dog," he reiterated. "Let him go and live among dogs. The lodge of his father is no longer for him. His father casts him out—his tribe casts him out. Let him go where he will."

The young man cast an anguished look at his father. This was a measure which he had not contemplated; to be cast out in this way was the deepest humiliation.

"Does my father mean what he says?" he asked, unwilling to believe without further confirmation what had first been uttered.

"He is a father no longer—he has no son, for his son has become a stranger to him."

John heard this sentence of banishment with feelings of dismay and grief, but he was too proud to expostulate with his father, or seek a reversal of the sentence. With that proud resignation which is characteristic of an Indian he merely replied: "It is good. John has no father."

Then, staggering to his feet, he left the wigwam with a gait slightly unsteady and, without looking back, took his way to the forest.

His father looked after him with an anguished spirit, and a feeling of loneliness and desolation settled down upon him. But he was glad that he had not obeyed his first impulse and taken his son's life.

CHAPTER XX.

THE LAWYER IS PUT UNDER BONDS.

When Indian John left his father's wigwam he well understood that the sentence that had been passed upon him was no mere impulsive act upon his parent's part, which might be revoked at the end of a few hours, but was final. Henceforth he was left to shift for himself. He must make up his mind what course to pursue. He could not hope to rejoin his tribe. They would undoubtedly sustain his father in the course he had adopted. Besides, in spite of his degradation, he had too much pride to wish reconciliatory terms that would no doubt involve humiliation to himself.

So far as the supply of his necessities was concerned he felt no alarm. He had his bow and arrows with him, and the woods would supply him with game.

As he had eaten nothing since morning, he felt the necessity of immediately looking out for some game. He had now so far recovered from the effects of his potation that he could trust himself to shoot without the apprehension of falling from an unsteady hand.

As if in answer to the call of his necessity a noble deer sped by him not five minutes after he had commenced looking about him. With the rapidity of one accustomed to its use, John raised his bow, and adjusting the arrow with celerity, sped it on its death-dealing way. The hunter's aim was unerring. The shaft overtook and brought low the noble game.

The Indian was advancing on his prey when a sharp sound was heard, and the convulsive movement of the deer testified that a second weapon had done its work. He was at once the victim of the red man's bow and the white man's musket.

A moment afterward the one who had discharged the musket came through the bushes.

It proved to be Dick Clarke, who was spending the time he was compelled to wait for the expected favorable decision from Mabel, in such recreation as the woods afforded.

He had considered it a piece of great good fortune when he got upon the track of the deer, never having had the luck to shoot one, and being desirous of bearing it home as a trophy.

He had not suspected the agency of the Indian in the death of the deer till, in making his appearance, he found John kneeling beside it, as it lay in its last gasp at the foot of a tree.

"Hallo!" he exclaimed, "it appears to me, my good friend, that you are making pretty free with my game."

The Indian looked up in surprise, but did not offer to stir from his place.

"Don't you understand me? I tell you that the animal is mine—the victim of my bow and spear, as the Scriptures have it."

In reply the Indian pointed significantly to his arrow which he had just drawn from the deer, as was evident from the blood still adhering to it.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)



LEAGUE RULES: To be a comfort to one's parents. To protect the weak and aged. To be kind to dumb animals. To love our country and protect its flag.

COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 20 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

SUMMER COMFORT is a trifle smaller than Winter COMFORT, and as a result my chin music this month is somewhat curtailed, which will be a great relief to you, and a great cause of sorrow and pain to me.

I regret to say Toby is not feeling very well just now; he has had a rash of barks to the head, and is feeling quite delicate. Maria wishes you to understand that she is a feline, and quite feminine, in other words, she's a cat of the gentler sex, but is none the less a lady, even if she does wear a fur coat, and has four legs.

Thanks to the generosity of Cousin A. V. Hester, Dallas, R. F. D. 3, Texas, ten shut-ins have each been presented with a copy of Uncle Charlie's poems. I asked you all to get up a club of seven subscribers at fifteen cents, and win this book, as I want every League member to have something to remember me by when I drop out of the life line. Only a few out of the 20,000 League members responded. From this I gather that your affection for me is not very deep, as it is the first time I ever asked you to do a favor for me. I hope for better results this month.

Now, if you'll hop up into my lap, we'll get busy with the letters, and lovely letters they are too, and I send you my warmest and best love, and deepest gratitude for all the beautiful missives you indite me, and may God bless you all, is my fervent prayer.

A little Texas girl wants to speak a piece.

HENLEY, TEXAS, March 10, 1907.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: Is there room on your lap for one more poor little girl? I am sixteen years old, weigh one hundred and twenty-eight pounds, have light hair, blue eyes, fair complexion. Oh, I am awful pretty—that's what the boys tell me. I know "Uncle Charlie" would say so, too, if he could see me. Uncle, if you will come down here I'll give you a mess of cabbage. Well, Uncle, why didn't you come down and go with me to the "Old Confederate Soldiers' Reunion" at Driftwood, on Aug. 9, 10, and 11 last, it was surely nice, but oh, so sad to see the poor old soldiers, bent with age, get up on the stage and make a speech. You could see the tears stream down their cheeks. I saw the "soldiers' parade"—it was a fine sight to see them come stepping along, keeping time to the music. It was so sad to hear them tell of olden times, when the Indians would kill their wives, and blessed little children, and rob them of their homes, kill their horses and cattle, and nearly scare them to death. They also had skating, which was very interesting. There were several got hurt, but not serious. It's a beautiful sight to see them skate. Then they had a snake show. You pay your fifteen cents and go in and see a den full of snakes, and a man down in amongst them, and he never comes out of that den. He will bite off a snake's head and tear the skin from its back and eat the flesh. I also saw the petrified mummy; she was found twelve years ago, by some mining men. She still had the flesh on her bones. It was a terrible sight. She was an Indian squaw. I was riding on the bobby horse, and my head got swimming, and I fell off and nearly broke my neck. Now don't you feel sorry for me? As this is my first attempt, I won't stay long, as I know Uncle's leg is hurting. So, by by, dear Uncle. These kisses are for you. Well, that's enough for one time, now shake hands with your loving niece,

BELLE GRIFFIN.

Belle, dear, I am sorry I was not at the Confederate reunion. They wanted me to be a pioneer in the olden days, and I volunteered, but I did not stay in the big long. I thought a pioneer was a man who ate pies, but when I found that it was a man who had to be killed by Indians and other wild birds, I beat it back to the ancestral dump. Evidently, Belle, you had a regular circus and county fair on this occasion. I am sorry you fell off the merry-go-round, but those wooden horses will kick, and you have no right to ride on them, until they have been thoroughly tamed and broken to the saddle. I used to be in the circus business once, but I had terrible bad luck. I had a fine collection of freaks and wild animals. I had a mule, and I used to paint stripes on him, and call him the man-killing zebra. One day during the grand procession, it rained and washed the stripes off, and there stood the mule. That's where I had to get out of town quick. I had bad luck with that show. The jaguar got on a jag, the panther lost his pants, the alligator dropped his gaiters, the bearded lady's whiskers fell out, the fat lady got thin, and the skeleton dude got so fat no railroad could haul him. The monkey got into the elephant's trunk, and stole his nightshirt and thirty-seven cents; then the educated flea got on a tear, and trod on the elephant's toe, and broke his leg. That show broke my heart, for I fell in love with a lady acrobat, a slack wire and trapeze artist, who did stunts up in midair. She was a beautiful young girl of sixty-four. I fell in love with her because I wanted a woman I could look up to, but I never thought she would love me, as I was so far beneath her—about thirty feet—and she was so far above me. But, alas, she was a high flier, and always looked down on me, and when I



Two of your little Cousins, COLETA AND ROSE SASSAMAN, Three Rivers, Mich.

tried to put a circus ring on her finger one day, she hit me in the eye with an acrobat. I went bankrupt with that show, and another man took it, and employed me as a bill poster. I had not had anything to eat for two days, when he gave me a ton of bills and two bags of flour, and told me to make paste, and stick up the bills. Well, to make a short story long, I ate the flour, and the bills never went up. Oh, Belle, I've had some tough times in my career, but let's cheer up, the worst is yet to come. Thank you for the kisses, Belle, I have put them on ice, and will take one daily, so as to make them last as long as possible.

Here is a letter from the Lone Star State, and I'll print it just as it is written.

AIRLINE, TEX., Jan. 25, 1907.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I wish to join your Cousin band. I am 21 years of age and in a drugist at work have been to college 7 years and succeeded College lessons well was happy since now I am in my marriage years and have a aquentine with a sweet girl she lives at Airline Tex. Harris Co, she is the sweetest girl I know she has brown hair and a rosy complexion Dear Uncle can you give me a advice to win her love the girls name is Miss Lenora — I better close for this is my first letter I have rote hoping that you will print this letter in the next papper you sent I remain a new cousin,

MR. CHARLIE EHARDT.

Charlie, I am charmed with your letter, as we don't get many college graduates, excuse me, I mean graduates, butting into our select circle, and when we do, we like to make the most of them. I didn't edit or fix up your letter in any way Charlie, as I don't think a poor, humble ink squitter of my caliber has any right to monkey with the classic English, and the polished orthography of a college expert, excuse me, I mean expert, such as you are. All I can say is, that spelling reform must have been a long suit of the Knowledge Joint, wherein you spent your youth, and if President Roosevelt and Carnegie knew the name of your college, I'll bet they'd fall on its roof, and weep tears of joy. You say you are now "in a drugist at work". What part of the drugist are you working in, his head, feet, or otherwise? I suppose the drugist needed some repair work in his soup tank, and finding his drugs useless, swallowed you, and you are putting a new cement floor and shingle roof on his dough box. Possibly you may be going to half sole and h-e-l his liver pad. Anyway I wish you joy of your work, and you certainly have a snug position and have got in on the ground floor, and have the inside track. As regards winning the love of the fair Lenora, whose name though you gave it, I thought it best to withhold, you might try candy, flowers, poetry, and if that doesn't do, you might try a love powder. There are, I believe, people who mix love potions that inspire affection in the coldest hearts, at a dollar a clip. Years ago, I was very much congealed on a young thing who wasn't co-lealed on me. Her old man had a wad that would have choked a cow. I bribed the colored waitress to drop the love potion in the fair one's after-dinner coffee, and I turned in the parlor about half a minute after she got the dose. The only trouble was, the old lady, her mother, got it by mistake, and I had no sooner put my foot on the parlor carpet, than the old lady came through the portieres like a skyrocket, and landed in my arms with a whoop. I said "darling," and kissed her twice before I realized who it was. I thought it was the daughter, but Fate had handed me a lemon, and it was Ma instead. Stung for fair! The old lady hung to me like the seven years' itch. I could not shake her or drop her, and as she weighed two hundred and eighty pounds, I couldn't run. At that juncture, as the novelists say, Papa flashed his 'ery optics on the scene, and got it into his think box, that I was trying to fly the coop with his wife. Then he drew a gun on me, and shot me into ribbons. You say your lady fair has a "rosy complexion". What sort of a face covering is that? Maybe you sell it in the drugist that you're working in. You say "hopping I'll print your letter". Charlie, you don't need to hop to get your letter printed, it will go into print without any violent exercise on your part, as it is too good to stay out. Charlie says he is a new cousin. Toby says he must be a Wisconsin, and not a Texan. How about it, Charlie?

An Arkansas Cousin is in great trouble, and wants to tell us all about it.

BEREIVILLE, ARK., March 5, 1907.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Hello, Uncle! How are you and all the folks? All well, I trust. It seems like a breach of etiquette to call you "Uncle"—though I have been one of COMFORT's silent readers for five or six years.

Uncle, I absolutely decline to give you an elaborate description of myself. One thing I will say, though, Uncle, is, I am profusely beautiful and exquisitely ugly. I am—oh! Uncle, a supreme good-looker. I would sit down on your lap, but—perdition—I am too tacky. We

had a tacky-party at the skating rink the other night. The manager gave a prize to the best skater and the tackiest skater. I bought me two measures of tacks, took them home and made me some tacky pudding; also some tacky cake. I ate this, then went to the party. I am the best skater you know. Well, to my fondest horror, the prizes were tack puddings, also slices of tack cake, with tack icing on the top. I, being the best skater, won the prize. I ate 'em, but oh! Jerusalem, ever since then I have been tacky, oh! so very tacky! Uncle, what would you advise me to do?

This is a fine country, I do wish you would move down here. I will get you a nice position if you will come—a Government position. Uncle Sam keeps a whole platoon of wind-jammers on our streets to keep the industrious denizens from going to sleep. By, by, Uncle, your old ugly nephew,

J. B. BAINES.

Jim, as regards this tack business, you seem to have had a very bad attack, several attacks in fact. I have had a good many attacks myself, but they were all external ones, and not internal ones like yours. A tack was put in my chair to sit on for a joke. Do you see the point? You don't? Well, I did, and felt it, too. Now Jim, you are (though far be it from me to discourage or scare you,) in a most dire and desperate condition. It is all very well to have a tacky manner, but to have a tacky interior is dangerous for man and beast. Iron is a good thing for the system, but you don't want to take it in too pointed a form. Attacks from without are dangerous, but attacks from within usually put a man inside a silk-lined casket, with an address at the morgue or cemetery. Now, Jim, there is only one cure for a man in your dangerous condition, and I'll charge you nothing for the advice I am about to give you, though it will be worth millions to you, as it will save your life. Don't go to a horse doctor, druggist, physician, quack, or metaphysical healer, or any of the



MAUDE BOIES, Sunnyside, Wash.

pill or dope fraternity, as they cannot cure you. Now, before you are another moment older, you go hunt a taxidermist, he is the only man who can haul the tacks out of you. So, if you value your life, dig him up, and state your case, and let him get busy. I already have a contract with Uncle Sam to keep the folks "Down East" here awake, so fear I cannot accept a similar job in Berryville.

Here is a delightfully bright letter from a little Marylander.

18 CORNHILL ST., ANNAPOLIS, MD., Mar. 19 '07.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am twelve years old, and only weigh sixty pounds. I have long light hair and pretty blue eyes. I have only one sister, who is nine years old, and a half-sister who is twenty-three years old.

Annapolis, as you all know, is a very ancient city, and is situated on the Severn River. We are about thirty miles south of Baltimore. The average climate here, is from 70 to 80 degrees in summer, and from 30 to 40 degrees in winter. Our post-office is very pretty. It has marble floors, dark brown wood-works, and is heated by steam.

The State House, where, in 1783, George Washington resigned his commission to Congress, is also very beautiful, especially the new part, which has just been erected or annexed. We also have some fine churches. We have a public school, a Catholic school, and a college for young men.

I go to the public school, and am in the seventh grade. We have very hard arithmetic and history, but the other studies (grammar, geography, physiology, spelling,) seem easy to me. We will soon take up Latin. Our examinations for the first half term were held the last week in January. I received very good marks, and if I pass in next term, I will be in the High School.

Our farm, which is of three hundred acres, has two miles water front. We have horses, pigs, cows, chickens and turkeys on the farm, and also nice vegetables, such as tomatoes, potatoes and cabbage, also apple and pear trees. We went black-berrying last summer and had a fine time. Uncle Charlie, did you ever go black-berrying? If you have never gone, don't go. We all got full of chig's, and if you don't know what they are, go black-berrying and find out.

I am very handy at sewing, as I can sew both on the machine and by hand. I can work dollies very nicely, indeed, and everybody that sees them, compliments me on being able to do such nice work.

I am an active member of our Junior Epworth League of the Md. Ave., M. E. Church. I am fifth vice-president, and attend to temperance work. I also take a part in our entertainments. We are to have a patriotic entertainment Friday night, and I am going to take a part in several pieces. I think if you could hear me recite, that you would let me sit on your knee.

I send my love to all the cousins, but, Uncle Charlie, keep the most for yourself.

Your loving niece and cousin,

DORIS CHASE (No. 3,929.)

Doris, dear, I'm charmed with your letter. You say you have only one sister nine years old. May I ask how many sisters you expected to have of this age? Billy the Goat says he has sixteen sisters, each six months old, but I don't believe him. I should like to see the dark brown wood-works in your post-office. Is the postmaster chief engineer, and what is the motive force, steam or electricity? I did not know that Uncle Sam allowed wood manufacturing to be carried on in government buildings. Toby says his dark brown wood-works are all out of order, and Maria is putting a plaster of hog lard, hot coals, and mosquitoes' whiskers on his circumference, and that we will trust will put him in good shape. You ask me if I ever went black-berrying. Yes, I assisted at the funeral of a colored gentleman, who was caught robbing a hen roost some years ago. That is the only black-burying I have ever assisted at, and it was not the most enjoyable function in the world. And now, Doris, I have reached the most exciting part of your letter. You say you take a part in your entertainments, and on one particular patriotic affair you are going to take a part in several pieces. Oh, Doris, I blush for you. To take apart in one piece is bad enough, but to take apart in several

pieces is the limit—it's terrible. Honestly, I am shocked at the very thought of a sweet, refined little girl like you, taking yourself apart in several pieces before a large audience of America's best people. To dismember yourself in the seclusion of your own apartments is bad enough, but to do it publicly, oh, fie! Suppose you took yourself apart in thirty pieces and forgot just where the pieces belonged, and could not join them together again in the correct manner, think how dreadful that would be. Fancy walking around for the remainder of your earthly career, with that dear little nose of yours in the middle of your back, just because you had forgotten just where it belonged, wouldn't that be awful? How you take apart and still live, I do not know. They say the best of friends must part, Doris, but don't think that means you must dismember yourself on the slightest provocation. Keep yourself together, dear, as long as you can, for parting brings regrets as a rule. I have a friend who has owed me a dollar for ten years, I wish he'd part, but he won't. Doris, you have written a dandy letter, and in conclusion, give my love to Ann Apolis, and tell Mary Land I am glad she can live next to Della Ware without quarreling.

A bright little Iowa lassie wants to butt in. GUTHRIE CENTER, IA., April 22, 1907.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I have been a silent member of the League for about two years. I will now try to entertain you and all of the cousins for a few minutes.

When I first became a member of the League my home was a happy one. But it has been broken up so that there is only one sister and one brother and mother here now, with me, on the dear old Iowa farm. My father took one brother and one of my sisters, and went to Texas to live. They live on a section there. It is improved, so it is not so bad as it would have been were it unimproved.

I was seventeen last Feb. 22nd, quite an old maid. I like old maids, don't you, uncle and cousins? Say, Uncle, when you have any sewing or mending that has to be done, just send it to me. I am a swift little sewer. I made a waist in just about two hours this afternoon.

How many of the cousins like adventures? I do for one, and I also like to read the stories of adventure.

I am quite small for my age. I am five feet two and one half inches high, weigh one hundred and twenty pounds, have light auburn hair, and blue eyes. My brothers and cousins tease me about being so small, but I tell them if I am small I can do a great deal of work any way. I can sew, mend, cook, bake, wash and scrub, also take care of the things out of doors, and work in the field when they need me there. There is one thing I like to do out of doors real well, and that is to milk cows, no matter what kind of weather it is. Well, my letter is long, so I will close. Good night, your niece, MARGUERITE MARTIN.

Margie, I am ever so sorry your loved ones have begun to drift apart. It is hard to see brothers drifting here, sisters scattering there, and the old familiar faces no longer smiling upon us as of yore. Let us hope you will all get together on the old farm once more, and whatever happens, Marguerite, don't you drift apart, but hold together as long as you can, no matter what others do. Dear, I am glad you are a good sewer, I used to be, but I lost all heart for it some years ago. It happened thus. I started a tailoring business, and made pants making a specialty, and I hung out a big sign for operators, printed thus: "Fifty girls wanted to sew pants' buttons on the fourth floor!" Well, the next day, a howling mob of people were gathered in the street below, screaming with laughter. All New York seemed to have congregated under my office windows, and for the life of me I couldn't make out what all the excitement was about. Finally a police officer came and arrested me for disturbing the peace and causing a riot. It cost me \$10 to get out of that scrape, and I did not know what I had done until the judge said "Sir, pants' buttons are sewed on pants, and not on floors." That floored me. Next time I wanted help, I hung out a sign thus "Wanted a sign thus "Wanted a sewer," and when I got to my office in the morning, there were fifty men at the door with drainage pipes on their shoulders. The men got sassy, and I turned the hose on the crowd, and the police came, and I was again arrested. This cost me another "ten." Then I went home and looked in a dictionary, and lo, I discovered that sewer means not only one who sews, but a pipe that carries off water. And then I wept. Next time, before I went into business, I took a course in a school that taught advertising. That schooling cost me \$100. Then I went into the second-hand clothing business, and sat up all night writing a swell "ad" which was as follows: "Charles Noel Douglas having cast-off clothes of every description, invites immediate inspection." That "ad" brought a million people howling around the store, and again the police nabbed me, and I got soaked another "ten." In vain, I tried to explain to the judge, that I hadn't cast off my own clothing, but was simply trying to sell the clothing other people had discarded. It was no use, the judge would not listen, and I got soaked another "ten." Then I put a sign in the window: "Every man, woman and child in the city can have a fit in this store." In about two hours, five hundred people were having convulsions and throwing fits all over the store. The store was wrecked and I was ruined. After that experience, I concluded I was unfit for business, and I went out of it forever. There's no use of talking, there was a first-class hoodoo around the day I was born.



JAMES COSTLOW, South Fork, R. F. D. 1, Pa.

Here is a short letter from a suffering soul, who needs your sympathy.

CONOVER, OHIO, Mar. 17, 1907.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am an invalid, forty-three years old, and would like to have all the cousins give me a letter party. Be sure and put in a piece of writing-paper and a stamped envelope, so I can answer all who write. In all my life I have never been out of bed, making my living for the past few years by doing fancy work, for which I don't find much sale. I am very poorly now, and in pain all the time. Be sure and remember me June 22, 1907, my birthday. Good by, Your loving niece and cousin, ANNA LAYMAN.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)

The Shadow of a Cross

A Religious Quarrel and Separation

Written in Collaboration by Mrs. Dora Nelson and F. C. Henderschott

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Gene Warfield asks himself why a woman of Mrs. Rosslyn's Puritanic strength of character should embrace the Catholic faith. "Is it for this I am to be separated from the object of my dearest desire?" The sound of voices chanting the Ave Maria is borne to his waiting ears. Theta Rosslyn meets her lover. There is an opening for him in the West in Judge Blodgett's office. He will win wealth and fame, and coming back make Theta his wife. As he pleads he sees a small chain about Theta's neck, and asks what that talisman is hiding there. Pulling at the chain he finds a tiny gold crucifix; he snaps the chain and dashes the crucifix to the ground. With a cry like a wounded animal, she catches the crucifix to her breast. "God forgive me, if even for a little while I let your love words deceive me into forgetting the depth of the gulf which lies between us," Gene pleads with all the fervor of youth, but the girl dare not yield, and his pride battles with the anguish which kills the soul, though the body yet lives.

Gene finds his mother waiting for him; she tries to comfort him. He will carry the scar to the grave. He feels all is lost save ambition. Gently the mother chides him. Ambition will never make him happy. She knows his weakness. The parting comes; the mother cries, "I didn't know it would be so hard!" Theta Rosslyn hears the cry, and softly says, "God will take care of him."

Years past and Eugene Warfield is in Excelsior, the home of the Harvester Trust and his lawyer and known lawyer. The legal battle in which he is engaged seems like a hopeless undertaking. He will fight until they crush him. The Judge sees young men as able as he caught between the upper and nether millstone, the Judge, and he hopes Gene will feel his way carefully. It isn't the Trust, but the brains which conspire them, the stupendous power summed up in one word, Corcoran. Gene promises to go to the reception given in honor of Mrs. Huston's sister-in-law and her daughter, Miss Victoria Moore, of Washington, D. C. He rides out of town and across the open prairie. A horse and its rider come into Warfield's range of vision. There is a misty and horse and rider fall. Gene rushes to the spot—the rider is unhurt. The horse is badly injured and the woman orders the animal put out of his misery. In the absence of Mrs. Grundy they ought to be introduced, and she presents her card, Miss Victoria Moore, Washington, D. C. They ride back to town on Eugene Warfield's horse. In an automobile they see the wife of the president of the Harvester Trust; she is an invalid. Victoria thinks it is something to be the mistress of such a magnificent home. She has heard, he not only is the head of the Trust, but has great political influence. Gene admits he has the power to make or ruin a man. Will she see him at the reception? Arriving late, Victoria meets him. She leads him to the deserted East room, to show the new orchid her uncle buys. He knows but little about orchids, only the wildings of his New Hampshire woods, and Gene tells of the beauties of the New England flowers, of his boyhood home, of his early struggle to acquire an education, and of his later dream of power and ambition. Victoria rouses from her abstraction. Ambition is the thing that lifts man above the level of the brute. She is covetous of power and longs to sit with the highest of the land. Does he blame her? How can he? As for power, she can't have more than she now has. Does he hear the carriage? She fears tongues will be wagging. Corcoran visits Warfield. If he defies him he will crush him; if he becomes his friend he shall grow great by his power. When Corcoran takes him for a last ride—he can do his worst. Corcoran admires his grit, yet go against him and he will crush him, become his friend and he places him among the highest in the land. He gives him his choice. Warfield yields. Corcoran grasps his hand. Judge Blodgett listens to Warfield's speech, and Victoria's thought. Warfield asks himself will he ever be able to clasp the hand of an honest man again. He goes to Victoria. In his helpless despair she feels a desire to comfort him. Will she be his wife?

Mrs. Warfield receives a letter from Gene. There is something about it which worries her. Mrs. Rosslyn asks for the priest and bids Theta go to walk. She has much to say to him. As Theta stands alone old memories stir within her. By the power of her love she bids Gene come back. She sees him standing in a high place; the figure of a lovely woman is near him. Her hands clutch at her breast and in agony she cries, "My God! He married!" and she falls in a faint. A long sickness follows, and when she recovers she finds her mother sleeping in the churchyard. Gene hopes for a home of his own and pictures it to his wife. Victoria wishes for an apartment house where all is done by trained servants. Can they afford it? He has no income outside of his official salary. He will not touch a penny that does not rightfully belong to him. They return to Washington, and visit the home Victoria determines shall be their home. Gene hops in the library and fails to manage. He sees a picture. A room with softly tinted walls—a woman whose fingers fashion white garments, crooning a low soft melody. After a time the prattle of a child fills the room and a boy climbs on his knee, and he feels the clinging of baby arms.

CHAPTER VIII. (CONTINUED.)

"AND again the woman sat beside the hearth and sewed and softly crooned. And again the cradle rocked and a baby girl looked up at me through a tangle of flint light hair. And then for the first time I noticed the face of the woman who bent above the cradle. That face! Will it never cease to haunt me? Its tender eyes and its sweet wild-rose tinting."

There was the rustling of a silken gown over the velvet carpet, and Victoria touched him lightly on the shoulder.

"Have you gone to sleep over the gas-log, Gene, or are you trying to hypnotize yourself as you did at Niagara? You haven't half seen the place, come now and look at the rest of the rooms."

With a sudden access of tenderness, as if he felt his very thoughts had been treason to her Gene took Victoria into his arms and kissed her softly on the lips.

"Why, Gene, what a goose you are! What if someone should see you? Luckily, the agent has been called out. Come and let us look. Isn't it grand?"

"Yes," said Gene as he followed her, "but can you honestly say you like it?"

"Of course! Why, I shall have absolutely nothing to do, and can devote all my time to society—and you," She added the last two words as an after thought.

"But what about cooking arrangements?" said Gene, with that feeling of dismay creeping back upon him.

"That resolves itself into a simple matter. Meals can be sent up in the dumb-waiter and served in our private dining-room, or we can go to the restaurant for them, just as we please."

"Oh!" Contenting himself with the single exclamation, Gene said nothing further until they reached the last room, a bedroom in Louis Quinze style, and there the strong feeling of discontent which had been growing upon him, found vent.

"Do you know, Victoria," he said earnestly, "in all this magnificence I fail to find one room that has been designed and fitted up as a nursery."

"Babies!" Victoria's tone was the same of disgust. "We can have dogs, but we can't have

babies. They are positively prohibited here."

Victoria's manner did not invite further discussion of the subject and Gene wisely concluded to let the matter drop. Nevertheless, when he received the lease a few days later, he breathed a sigh of satisfaction.

"I'm glad that's settled," he said to himself. "I have paid the rent in advance during my official term, and they can't turn us outdoors now—no matter what happens."

It was four months later.

"Rosine," said Victoria to the little French maid, "you can lay out my opera cloak," then as the girl left the room, she added, in an angry tone, "and if Warfield keeps me waiting much longer he will get a warm reception when he comes. Before we were married," she went on bitterly, "he was quick enough to obey my slightest wish! now he opposes me in everything. I thought I could have wound him around my little finger, and instead I find him stubborn as any mule. In spite of all I can do or say he will take no advantage of his position to make money. And a need money—the bills I have run up terrify me. I have been kind and easy and palavering with him to no purpose. But what is keeping him—why doesn't he come? This waiting will drive me distracted."

If Victoria had known it Gene was at that very hour closeted with a lot of office seekers, pale women and hollow-eyed men, and wondering in his secret soul if his hair were not turning white with all the tales of distress that were being poured into his ears.

Rosine returned presently, bringing the cloak and bearing also a silver salver on which lay a card.

Victoria's face lost its look of vexation and a smile played around her lips as she read the name.

"Show him into the drawing-room, Rosine. And you can put the cloak away. I shall not attend the opera now."

As for a moment Victoria's form stood outlined against the green silken portiere, Corcoran advancing swiftly out of the shadow caught his breath hard at the sight of her beauty.

The two had met frequently during the winter. It was whispered in the inner circles of Washington society, that wherever the beautiful Mrs. Warfield went, whether to balls, receptions, dinners, or the opera, Corcoran was sure to be there, her very shadow.

As the man's huge bulk towered above her there was nothing of its unwonted pride in Victoria's eyes, but instead a something strangely submissive shone there as if she knew and acknowledged her superior.

When his large hand closed over her small one a strange feeling went through Victoria, and with this came the instinct to defend herself. With a swift movement she released her hand and motioning him to a chair seated herself on a low divan, and taking up a book of Dore's engravings, idly fluttered the leaves as they talked.

"It seems good—very good—to find you alone," said he, in a low tone, "it is so seldom I can do that."

"No thanks to my husband," she said bitterly. "If I listened to him I should remain at home always alone. He would like to have me stay here—and sew." She hung out her last words in a burst of petulance.

With a sudden movement Corcoran drew close to her, and catching hold of her wrist ran his hand over the forefinger of her right hand. The blood leaped like lightning through Victoria's veins, and she drew back swiftly.

"No evidence of the needle there," he said softly.

"You missed your vocation. You would have made a good detective," she returned lightly.

The conversation turned on different subjects, of famous people they both knew, of the theater, the latest scandal in official circles (when is there not a scandal in official circles?) and of the suicide of young Berkeley, a civil service attaché who had killed himself because his sweetheart jilted him.

"I can conceive of a woman doing such a thing," said Victoria, "but a man—it seems almost incredible. It was Byron—and I don't know anyone who was better qualified to judge of the feminine character than he—who said:

"Man's love is of man's life a thing apart, 'Tis woman's whole existence."

"Byron only uttered a half truth," said Corcoran. "Why should love be a woman's whole existence any more than it is of a man? Byron's whole life was a refutation of the first part of that statement, namely, that 'love is of man's life a thing apart.' Byron was never happy unless he was in love with some woman. The world has adjudged him fickle. I have never considered him so. Constancy breathes through every line he ever wrote. His love remained constant, the object alone changing. Do you know why? It was because he was continually searching for his ideal—the woman of his dreams. Through all the intrigues of the court of George the Third and his later life on the continent he sought her—his dream woman—and he went to his grave with his quest unfinished. Will you smile if I compare myself to Byron? Our cases are parallel. I believe that to know life one must live it. I have lived it—at least I have not stagnated. I have taken life up in both hands and eaten of it. I have trodden the full length of the road. I have been in love, even as Byron was, a countless number of times. Through all the years of my manhood I have been searching for the woman of my dreams. True, I married. And look what my married life has brought me! I go into the presence of that half dead creature who bears my name and for a little time her coldness thaws, a spot of color comes into her pale cheeks, she is not quite a corpse. I go away from her, and she sinks back into her lethargy. And I—a man in whose veins runs not blood but liquid fire—I go away feeling as if every vein in my body

had been tapped and all my vital forces were running away. Think of me—you with your beautiful eyes—what! Are they running over with tears? Think of me—pity me—a man of strength, courage, will, determination, fettered for life to that living corpse. She lives, she exists solely on my strength. I cannot deny her the boon of life she craves. Yet pity me—ah! yes—you do—you do—," For a moment Corcoran paused, his eyes moist with feeling—of pity for himself—then he resumed, his voice low and passionate. "Through countless types I have sought for my ideal—the woman who could match me in strength and gifted with a mind as daring and impetuous as my own. At times I dreamed I had found her, yet when I held her to me and her lips to mine and she murmured: 'I love you,' I found it was not her but another I sought. Through the whole world I searched for my ideal—and I have found her alas! too late!"

The last words were a sigh of passion and Corcoran's eyes were like living coals as he bent them upon Victoria's flushed and downcast face.

"Too late!" The echo came from Victoria, yet her appearance at the moment contradicted the words. Her soft breath scarcely pulsated the lace on her bosom, her eyes were filled with a misty light. She was a living, breathing impersonation of incarnate love.

"Is it too late?" Corcoran bent nearer, his eyes aflame.

Suddenly all the womanhood within Victoria arose up and asserted itself as she stretched out her hands pleadingly.

"Don't play with me, Michael,"—the word slipped out unconsciously, and the man's wild heart leaped at the sound—"don't play with me. It is like playing with fire, and you know what that is when it gets beyond control."

"I would not let it get beyond control," he replied softly. "I would have it burn for me alone. I would bathe my soul in its radiant warmth." He bent lower his lips trembling in their eagerness to drink her kiss.

There was the sound of approaching footsteps in the adjoining room and a hand was laid on the portiere. As Victoria heard it a look of positive hatred appeared on her face, then this faded, and she said in low tense tones:

"Take care! Warfield is entering." Corcoran bent over and took the book of engravings from her lap.

"Yes, Mrs. Warfield," he said, in slightly raised tones, "I agree with you. This engraving is the best specimen of Dore's art I have seen."

Gene entered and glanced unsuspectingly at both, yet at the sight of Corcoran sitting there so calmly, a feeling of repugnance arose within him.

"He has some nefarious scheme on foot," thought Gene, "and he has come here to ask me to aid him in it. I am in the grip of the machine and must obey. Shall I ever, I wonder, be a free man again?" Aloud, offering his hand to Corcoran:

"I was not expecting to find you here."

"I suppose not," said Corcoran, as he returned the hand-grasp, "but I wanted particularly to see you, and thought I stood a better chance of finding you here than elsewhere."

Gene bowed and turning to Victoria, almost timidly, as if he feared an angry outburst on her part:

"I must apologize for not being home in time to accompany you to the opera tonight, Vic. Unfortunately, I was detained."

To his surprise Victoria received the apology calmly.

"It doesn't matter," she said rising, "I have been entertaining Mr. Corcoran during your absence, or rather," with a laughing glance at the latter, "he has been entertaining me. As you have business to discuss I will leave you alone."

Flinging back a mocking laugh, Victoria swept from the room.

CHAPTER IX.

THE UNWELCOME STRANGER.

The months that followed were trying ones, yet through them all Gene's patience was unbounded, and it would have been hard to recognize in the quiet man so lovingly considerate of the capricious woman who flouted and insulted him, the once impetuous Warfield. He attributed all to the state of her health and looked forward with hope to the time when baby hands would hold them together with a bond of love.

Victoria's life was a round of constant gaiety. A letter explaining the difficulty, although worded so that no blame was attached to Victoria, went to the New Hampshire homestead, and Mrs. Warfield understood and arranged, Theta, pale and wan from her so recent illness aiding her.

The lives of all these people enmeshed in the web of circumstances were in a strange tangle at this time.

Corcoran's huge misshapen form brooding darkly in the background; Warfield, joyous, for the first time during all the months of his married life, loving his wife with a full heart; Victoria, raging at what was coming upon her, and secretly cherishing an evil love for another man; and lastly, Theta, the most pathetic figure in this history, fashioning the clothes and sewing into them, who knows what, of yearning and regret—poor little Theta, with her heartache and her memories.

Victoria, with face as white as the silken pillow it rested against, lay like a lily bent by the storm.

Gene had slipped out on the balcony. As he stood waiting there in the morning sunlight, suddenly there was borne to his ears that strangest sound in all Nature—the cry of



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an infant. A moment later one of the physicians in attendance touched him lightly on the shoulder. "Mr. Warfield, I congratulate you."

"A boy!" Gene uttered a cry of delight. "What I have longed for, dreamed of—," he broke off suddenly, his next thought being for Victoria.

He would have gone straight to his wife's bedside but the physician laid a detaining hand on his arm.

"You may go in there and take a look at your son."

As Gene entered the room, the nurse, a fresh-cheeked girl not long out of the training-school, had just completed the toilet of the baby.

"Isn't he a big fellow, Mr. Warfield?" she said, smiling. "He weighs ten pounds."

"Does he indeed? He doesn't seem big to me. He is just a tiny mite as soft and pink as the heart of a shell," Gene replied, softly, as he looked down with wonder and delight at that old, old mystery—birth.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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ST. ELMO

By Mrs. Augusta J. Evans Wilson

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Edna witnesses a duel, and Harry Dent falls dead. The body is carried to the home of Aaron Hunt, Edna's grandfather. Edna goes to her grandfather's blacksmith shop, where he is shoeing a vicious horse. The owner, impatient at the delay, curses her grandfather. Aaron Hunt dies suddenly, and for weeks Edna retains a vague remembrance of keen anguish. She decides to go to Columbus, Georgia, to work in the factory, and boards the train at Chattanooga. Night comes on and she is awakened by a succession of shrill sounds and all is chaos. Edna, severely injured, is carried to the home of Mrs. Murray, who will educate her, exacting certain things. St. Elmo, Mrs. Murray's son, comes home. Edna overhears his words of disapproval, and in his voice, recognizes the man who cursed her grandfather. She falls asleep in the garden. St. Elmo discovers a dangerous dog near her, and thunders for her to keep still. He seizes the dog and commands the girl to bring him a stick. She pleads for the dog and snatching the stick from his hand refuses to give it back. St. Elmo is dumb with astonishment. He walks up and down his elegant rooms. On a slab in a miniature tomb, the richly carved door of which is opened only by a key, which never leaves St. Elmo's watch-chain.

Mrs. Murray secures Mr. Hammond as Edna's instructor and she begins the study of Latin and Greek. St. Elmo starts on a long journey. He intrusts the key to Edna's keeping on two conditions; first not to mention it to anyone, and that she will not open the tomb, unless he falls to return at the end of four years and she has good reason to consider him dead. She promises not to betray the trust. Gordon Leigh studies with Edna, and together they begin Hebrew. Edna receives an invitation to a party given by Mrs. Inge, Gordon Leigh's sister. She goes to the party and overhears criticisms concerning the scheme to make a marriage between her and Gordon Leigh.

Edna goes to the library. She is conscious of some unseen presence. She walks up to the tomb, and takes the key from its hiding-place. Unless she has reason to believe he is dead she is not to open it. Again she is positive of some powerful influence, and looking up sees Mr. Murray. He is ready to receive an account of her stewardship. He doubts her if she has kept her promise. There will be a report. He had thought his confidence killed. She stands firm. Edna is seized with authorship and submits her work. Mrs. Murray announces the coming of her niece, Estelle Harding. St. Elmo objects. Edna receives her rejected manuscript from Douglas G. Manning.

Gordon Leigh offers his heart and home to Edna; she refuses him. St. Elmo queries in the presence of his mother who writes to Edna from New York. Mr. Manning reconsiders his opinion and writes Edna, she may send the manuscript as far as written. Mrs. Murray insists that she see the letter. She doubts Edna's word, and she reluctantly shows Mr. Manning's signature. Clinton Allison is announced. In him she sees the slayer of Harry Dent and refusing recognition. St. Elmo demands an apology. Edna remains firm in her conviction.

Mr. Hammond has visitors in his niece, Agnes Powell, and her daughter, Gertrude. St. Elmo bitterly criticizes an article in Manning's magazine. She confesses to Mrs. Murray that she is the author of the essay St. Elmo ridicules and shows the magazine containing Mr. Manning's praise of her work. St. Elmo comes to the scene.

The truth that she loves St. Elmo comes to Edna, and she decides to leave Le Bogue. Mrs. Murray pleads with her to stay. Gertrude is fascinated with St. Elmo and wonders if it is wrong to love him. St. Elmo brings a celebrated doctor to Huldah Reed and finds Edna there. She gives him a note from Gertrude. If she had only gone before she knew there was any redeeming quality in his sinful nature. St. Elmo confesses the sin and shame of his past wickedness. Gertrude stands between them. He loves only Edna. Her heart pleads for him and itself. She does not yield. Edna visits her old home, and sees a monument erected by St. Elmo, to the memory of her grandfather. She goes to New York and becomes governess to Mrs. Andrews.

Douglas Manning calls on Miss Earl and offers assistance. Henceforth she will occupy a different position in the home. Felix objects. Edna goes to the opera with Mr. Manning. She meets Gordon Leigh, who tells her the rumor of St. Elmo's marriage to Estelle Harding. Standing by Murray's grave, Edna contemplates the aged father talking, and seeing St. Elmo, Mr. Hammond pleads with him. His magnanimity unnerves St. Elmo; he asks for forgiveness and promises to visit Mr. Hammond. Sir Roger Percival invites Edna for a drive in the Park. She is the envy of every woman. A letter from Mrs. Murray announces the marriage of Gordon Leigh to Agnes Powell. Mr. Manning purchases a beautiful home and asks Edna to share it with him. He begs her to take a day or a week, if need be, for consideration. She cannot accept his flattering offer. He will not forsake her as long as they both shall live.

Edna has a severe illness which causes alarm. Her physician advises rest. Edna rather die working than live a drone. Felix's feeble health compels Mrs. Andrews to take him to the seashore. Edna accompanies them. She receives a letter from Mrs. Murray. Mr. Hammond is very ill and needs Edna. She makes a desperate fight with her famishing heart, and in her utter loneliness turns to Felix—she must have someone to love. She knows that he loves her better than anything else in the world. If there is any good in him, he thanks her for it. Sir Roger Percival comes to see Edna and tells her why he comes back to New York. Instead of sailing from Canada. Mrs. Andrews considers Edna the luckiest woman in America, and when she tells her Sir Roger sails tomorrow for England Mrs. Andrews has no patience and, going upstairs, mutters, "Show me a gifted woman a genuine one, I will show you a fool." Mrs. Andrews returns to the city. Edna has another severe attack. She rallies and goes on with her work. Mrs. Murray comes to see Edna. Why has she not told her she is ill? Mrs. Murray would have been there before but is deterred by Estelle's marriage. Edna looks vacantly and her lips white as she asks, "Did you say Estelle was married?" Estelle marries the Frenchman, Victor De Sansure. Edna faints. Mrs. Murray will take her home. Why does she not tell that St. Elmo loves her and wishes to make her his wife. Can she not trust the mother of the man she loves? Estelle begs for pity. She visits Mr. Hammond, and receives a note from St. Elmo. She breaks the seal. He pleads for one hour with her. She answers the note putting it in Mrs. Murray's hand. Gordon and Gertrude arrive. If Mr. Hammond needs Edna, will she return? He wants her face to be the last he will look upon. Gordon Leigh passes a letter from Sir Roger. Gertrude asks Gordon a question. He replies with undissimulated impatience.

CHAPTER XXXIII. (CONTINUED.)

"I O! your common sense ought to teach you that such was not my meaning 'or' intention. Edna places no such interpretation on my words."

"Common sense! Oh, Gordon, dearie! how unreasonable you are! Why, you have told me a thousand times that I had not a particle of common sense, except on the subject of juleps; and how, then, in the name of wonder, can you expect me to show any? I never pretended to be a great shining genius like Edna, whose writings all the world is talking about. I only want to be wise enough to understand you, dearie, and make you happy. Gordon, don't you feel any better? What makes your face so red?"

She went back to his chair, and leaned her lovely head close to his, while an anxious expression filled her large blue eyes. Gordon Leigh realized that his marriage was a terrible mistake, which only death could rectify; but even in his wretchedness he was just, blaming only himself—exonerating his wife. Had he not wooed the love of which, already, he was weary? Having deceived her at the altar, was there justification for his dropping the mask at the hearthstone? Nay, the skeleton must be no rattling of skull and crossbones to freeze the blood in the sweet laughing face of the trusting bird.

Now her clinging tenderness, her affectionate 'umility' upbraided him as no harsh words could possibly have done. With a smothered

sigh he passed his arm around her, and drew her closer to his side. At least his little wife is wise enough to teach her husband to be ashamed of his petulance."

"And quite wise enough, dear Gertrude, to make him very proud and happy; for you ought to be able to say with the sweetest singer in all merry England:

"But I look up, and he looks down,
And thus our married eyes can meet,
Unclouded his, and clear of frown,
And gravely sweet."

As Edna glanced at the young wife and uttered these words, a mist gathered in her own eyes, and collecting her sewing utensils she went to her room to pack her trunk.

During her stay at the parsonage she had not attended service in the church, because Mr. Hammond was lonely, and her Sabbaths were spent in reading to him. But her old associates in the choir insisted that, before she returned to New York, she should sing with them once more.

Thus far she had declined all invitations; but on the morning of the last day of her visit, the organist called to say that a distinguished divine, from a distant State, would fill Mr. Hammond's pulpit; and as the best and leading soprano in the choir was disabled by a severe cold, and could not be present, he begged that Edna would take her place, and sing a certain solo in the music which he had selected for an opening piece. Mr. Hammond, who was pardonably proud of his choir, was anxious that the stranger should be greeted and inspired by the fine music, and urged Edna's compliance with the request.

Reluctantly she consented, and for the first time Duty and Love seemed to signal a truce, to shake hands over the preliminaries of a treaty for peace.

As she passed through the churchyard and skirted up the steps, where a group of Sabbath-school children sat talking, her eyes involuntarily sought the dull brown spot on the marble.

Over it little Herbert Inge had spread his white handkerchief, and piled thereon his Testament and catechism, laying on the last one of those gilt-bordered and handsome pictorial cards, containing a verse from the Scriptures, which are frequently distributed by Sabbath-school teachers.

Edna stooped and looked at the picture covering the blood-stain. It represented our Saviour on the Mount, delivering the sermon, and in golden letters were printed his words:

"Judge not, that ye be not judged; and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

She trembled, and hastily kissing the sweet red lips which little Herbert held up to her, she went in, and up to the gallery.

The congregation assembled slowly, and as almost all the faces were familiar to Edna, each arrival revived something of the past.

When Mr. Leigh and Gertrude entered there was a general stir, a lifting of heads and twisting of necks, in order to ascertain what new styles of bonnet, lace, and mantle prevailed in Paris.

A moment after, Mrs. Murray walked slowly down the aisle, and Edna's heart seemed to stand still as she saw Mr. Murray's powerful form. He stepped forward, and while he opened the door of the pew, and waited for his mother to seat herself, his face was visible; then he sat down, closing the door.

The minister entered, and, as he ascended the pulpit, the organ began to breathe its solemn welcome. When the choir rose and commenced their chorus, Edna stood silent, with her book in her hand, and her eyes fixed on the Murphys' pew.

The strains of triumph ceased, the organ only sobbed its sympathy to the sorrow-crowned Christ, struggling along the Via Dolorosa, and the orphan's quivering lips parted, and she sang her solo.

As her magnificent voice rose and rolled to the arched roof, people forgot propriety, and turned to look at the singer. She saw Mrs. Murray start and glance eagerly up at her, and for an instant the grand, pure voice faltered slightly, as Edna noticed that the mother whispered something to the son. But he did not turn his proud head, he only leaned his elbow on the side of the pew next to the aisle, and rested his temple on his hand.

When the preliminary services ended, and the minister commenced his discourse, Edna felt that St. Elmo had at last enlisted anger. In his behalf; for the text was contained in the warning, whose gilded letters hid the blood-spot, "Judge not, that ye be not judged."

As far as two among his auditory were concerned, the preacher might as well addressed his sermon to the mossy slab visible through the windows. Both listened to the text and neither heard any more. Edna sat looking down at Mr. Murray's massive, finely-poised head, and she could see the profile contour of features, regular and dark, as if carved and bronzed.

During the next half-hour her vivid imagination sketched and painted a vision of enchantment—of what might have been, if that motionless marble tablet, the noble, the crimson-tinged pew, had only kept his soul from grievous sins. A vision of a happy, proud, young wife reigning at Le Bogue, shedding the warm, rosy light of her love over the lonely life of its master; adding to his strong, clear, intellect and ripe experience, the silver flame of her genius; borrowing from him broader and more profound views of her race, on which to base her ideal aesthetic structures; softening, refining his nature, strengthening her own; helping him to help humanity; loving all good, being good, doing good; serving and worshipping God together; walking hand and hand with her husband through earth's wide valley of Baca, with peaceful faces full of faith, looking heavenward.

"God pity them both! and pity us all, Who vainly the dreams of youth recall. For of all sad words of tongue or pen The saddest are these, 'It might have been!'"

At last, with a faint moan, which reached no ear but that of Him who never slumbers, Edna withdrew her eyes from the spot where Mr. Murray sat, and raised them toward the pale Christ, whose wan lips seemed to murmur: "Be of good cheer! He that overcometh shall inherit all things. What I do, thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."

The minister, standing beneath the picture of the Master whom he served, closed the Bible and ended his discourse by hurling his text as a thunderbolt at those whose upturned faces watched him:

"Finally, brethren, remember under all circumstances, the awful admonition of Jesus, 'Judge not, that ye be not judged!'"

The organ peals and the doxology were concluded; the benediction fell like God's dew, and on sinner and on saint, and amid the solemn moaning of the gilded pipes, the congregation turned to quit the church.

With both hands pressed over her heart, Edna leaned heavily against the railing.

"Tomorrow I go away forever. I shall never

see his face again in this world. Oh! I want to look at it once more."

As he stepped back into the aisle, Mr. Murray threw his head back slightly, and his eyes swept up to the gallery and met hers. It was a long, eager, heart-searching gaze. She saw a countenance more fascinating than of old; for the sardonic glare had gone, the bitterness, "the dare-man, dare-brute, dare-devil" expression had given place to a stern mournfulness, and the softening shadow of deep contrition and manly sorrow hovered over features where scoffing cynicism had so long reigned.

The magnetism of St. Elmo's eyes was never more marvelous than when they rested on the beautiful white face of the woman he loved so well, whose calm holy eyes shone like those of an angel, as they looked sadly down at him. As the moving congregation bore him nearer to the door, she leaned farther over the mahogany balustrade, and a snowy crocus which she wore at her throat, snapped its brittle stem and floated down till it touched his shoulder. He laid one hand over it, holding it there, and while a prayer burned in his splendid eyes, hers smiled a melancholy farewell. The crowd swept the tall form forward, under the arches, beyond the fluted columns of the gallery, and the long gaze ended.

"Ah! well for us all some sweet hope lies Deeply buried from human eyes; And in the hereafter, angels may Roll the stone from its grave away."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"GOD NEVER INTENDED US FOR EACH OTHER."

"I am truly thankful that you have returned! I am quite worn out trying to humor Felix's whims, and take your place. He has actually lost ten pounds; and if you had staid away a month longer I think it would have finished my poor boy, who has sat you up as an idol in his heart. I am very anxious about him; his health is more feeble than it has been since he was five years old. My dear, you have no idea how you have been missed! Your admirers call by scores to ascertain when you may be expected home; and I do not exaggerate in the least when I say that there is a champagne basketful of periodicals and letters upstairs, that have arrived recently. You will find them piled on the table and desk in your room."

"Where are the children?" asked Edna, glancing around the sitting-room into which Mrs. Andrews had drawn her.

"Hattie is spending the day with Lila Manning, who is just recovering from a severe attack of scarlet fever, and Felix is in the library trying to sleep. He has one of his nervous headaches today. Poor fellow! he tries so hard to overcome his irritable temper and to grow patient, that I am growing fonder of him every day. How gladly you are! Sit down, and I will order some refreshments. Take this wine, my dear, and presently you shall have a cup of chocolate."

"Thank you, not any wine. I only want to see Felix."

She went to the library, cautiously opened the door, and crept softly across the floor to the end of the sofa.

The boy lay looking through the window, and up beyond the walls and chimneys, at the sap- phire pavement, where rolled the sun. Casual observers thought the cripple's face ugly and disagreeable; but the tender, loving smile that lighted the countenance of the governess as she leaned forward, told that some charm lingered in the sharpened features overcast with sickly sallowness. In his large, deep-set eyes, over which the heavy brows arched like a roof, she saw now a strange expression that frightened her.

The governess was seized by a vague apprehension as she watched her pupil, and bending down, she said, fondly:

"Felix, my darling, I have come back! Never again while I live will I leave you."

The almost bewildering joy that flashed into his countenance mutely but eloquently welcomed her, as kneeling beside the sofa she wound her arms around him, and drew his head to her shoulder.

"Edna, is Mr. Hammond dead?"

"No, he is almost well again, and needs me no more."

"I need you more than anybody else ever did. Oh, Edna! I thought sometimes you would stay at the South that you loved so well, and I should see you no more; and then all the light seemed to die out of the world, and the flowers were not sweet, and the stars were not bright, and oh! I was glad I had not long to live."

"Hush! you must not talk so. My dear little boy, in all this world, you are the only one whom I have to love and cling to, and we will be happy together. Darling, your head aches today?"

She pressed her lips twice to his hot forehead. "Yes; but the heartache was much the hardest to bear until you came. Mamma has been very good and kind, and staid at home and read to me; but I wanted you, Edna. I do not believe I have been wicked since you left; for I prayed all the while that God would bring you back to me. I have tried hard to be patient."

With her cheek nestled against his, Edna told him many things that had occurred during their separation, and noticed that his eyes brightened suddenly and strangely.

"Edna, I have a secret to tell you; something that even mamma is not to know just now. You must not laugh at me. While you were gone I wrote a little MS., and it is dedicated to you! and some day I hope it will be printed. Are you glad, Edna? My beautiful, pale Edna!"

"Felix, I am very glad you love me sufficiently to dedicate your little MS. to me; but, my dear boy, I must see it before I can say I am glad you wrote it."

"If you had been here, it would not have been written, because then I should merely have talked out all the ideas to you; but you were far away, and so I talked to my paper. After all, it was only a dream. One night I was feverish, and mamma read aloud those passages that you marked in that great book, Manry's Physical Geography of the Sea, that you admire so often; and of which I remember you said once, in talking to Mr. Manning, that 'it rolled its warm, beautiful, sparkling waves of thought across the cold, gray sea of science, just like the Gulf Stream it treated of.' Two of the descriptions which mamma read were so splendid that they rang in my ears like the music of the Swiss Bell-Ringers."

"Edna, I should like above all things to write a book of stories for poor, sick children; little tales that would make them forget their suffering and deformity. If I could even reconcile one lame boy to being shut up indoors, while others are shouting and skating in the sunshine, I should not feel as if I were so altogether useless in the world. Edna, do you think that I shall ever be able to do so?"

"Perhaps so, dear Felix; certainly, if God wills it. When you are stronger we will study and write together, but today you must compose yourself and be silent. Your fever is rising."

"The doctor left some medicine yonder in that

goblet, but mamma has forgotten to give it to me. I will take a spoonful now, if you please."

His face was much flushed; and as she kissed him and turned away, he exclaimed:

"Oh! where are you going?"

"To my room, to take off my hat."

"Do not be gone long. I am so happy now that you are here again. But I don't want you to get out of my sight. Come back soon, and bathe my head."

On the following day, when Mr. Manning called to welcome her home, he displayed an earnestness and depth of feeling which surprised the governess. Putting his hand on her arm, he said in a tone that had lost its metallic ring:

"How fearfully changed since I saw you last! I knew you were not strong enough to endure the trial; and if I had a right to interfere, you should never have gone."

"Mr. Manning, I do not quite understand your meaning."

"Edna, to see you dying by inches is bitter indeed! I believed that you would marry Murray—at least I knew any other woman would—and I felt that to refuse his affection would be a terrible trial, through which you could not pass with impunity. Why you rejected him I have no right to inquire, but I have a right to ask you to let me save your life. I am well aware that you do not love me, but at least you can esteem and entirely trust me; and once more I hold out my hand to you and say, give me the wreck of your life! I will give me the ruins of your heart! I will guard you tenderly; we will go to Europe—to the East; and rest of mind, and easy traveling, and change of scene will restore you. I never realized, never dreamed how much my happiness depended upon you, until you left the city. I have always relied so entirely upon myself, feeling the need of no other human being; but now, separated from you I am restless, am conscious of a vague discontent. If you spend the next year as you have spent the last, you will not survive it. I have conferred with your physician. He reluctantly told me your alarming condition, and I have come to plead with you for the last time not to continue your suicidal course, not to destroy the life which, if worthless to you, is inexpressibly precious to a man who prays to be allowed to take care of it. A man who realizes that it is necessary to the usefulness and peace of his own lonely life; who wishes no other reward on earth but the privilege of looking into your approving eyes, when his daily work is ended, and he sits down at his fireside. Edna, I do not ask for your love, but I beg for your hand, your confidence, your society—for the right to save you from toll. Will you go to the Old World with me?"

Looking suddenly up at him, she was astonished to find tears in his searching and usually cold eyes. So, in the frozen, crystal depths of this man's nature, his long silent, smothered affections began to chime. A proud smile trembled over Edna's face, as she saw how entirely she possessed the heart of one, whom above all other men she most admired.

"Mr. Manning, the assertion that you regard your life as imperfect, incomplete, without the feeble complement of mine—that you find your greatest happiness in my society, is the most flattering, the most gratifying tribute which ever has been, or ever can be paid to my intellect. It is a triumph indeed; and, because unsought, surely it is a pardonable pride that makes my heart throb. This assurance of your high regard is the brightest earthly crown I shall ever wear. You think now that if we were only married, my constant presence in your home, my implicit confidence in your character, would fully content you; but here you fail to understand your own heart, and I know that the consciousness that my affection was not yours would make you wretched. No, no! my dear, noble friend! God never intended us for each other. I cannot go to the Old World with you. I know how peculiarly precarious is my tenure of life, and how apparently limited is my time for work in this world, but I am content. I try to labor faithfully, listening for the summons of Him who notices even the death of sparrows. God will not call me hence, so long as He has any work for me to do on earth; and when I become useless, and can no longer serve Him, here, I am told, not wish to live. Through Christ, I am not ignorant of, nor indifferent to, my physical condition; but, thank God! I can say truly, I am not troubled, neither am I afraid, and my faith is—"

"All as God-wills, who wisely heeds,

And knoweth more of all my needs Than all my prayers have told."

The editor took off his glasses and wiped them, but the dimness was in his eyes; and after a minute, during which he recovered his old calmness, he said gravely and quietly: "Edna, one favor, at least, you will grant me. The death of a relative in Louisiana has placed me in possession of ample fortune, and I wish you to take my little Lila and travel for several years. You are the only woman I ever knew to whom I would entrust her and her education, and it would gratify me beyond expression to feel that I had afforded you the pleasure which cannot fail to result from such a tour. Do not be too proud to accept a little happiness from my hands."

"Thank you, my generous, noble friend! I gratefully accept a great deal of happiness at this instant, but your kind offer I must decline. I cannot leave Felix."

He sighed, took his hat, and his eyes ran over the face and figure of the governess.

"As you will not grant my petition, try to forget it; we will bury the subject. Good by! I shall call tomorrow afternoon to take you to drive."

With renewed zest Edna devoted every moment stolen from Felix, to the completion of her new book. Her first had been a "household promise"—at least so said criticism—and she felt that the second would determine her literary position, would either place her reputation as an author beyond all cavil, or utterly crush her ambition.

Sometimes as she bent over her MS., and paused to reread some passage just penned, which she had laboriously composed, a smile would flit across her countenance while she asked herself:

"Will my readers see it as I see it? Will they thank me for my high opinion of their culture, in assuming that it will be quite as plain to them as to me? If there should accidentally be an allusion to classical or scientific literature, which they do not understand at the first hasty, careless, novel-reading glance, will they inform themselves, and then appreciate my reason for employing it, and thank me for the hint; or will they attempt to ridicule my pedantry? When will they begin to suspect that what they may imagine sounds 'learned' in my writings, merely appears so to them because they have not climbed high enough to see how vast, how infinite is the sphere of human learning?"

Edna unintentionally and continually judged her readers according to her own standard, and so eager, so unquenchable was her thirst for knowledge, that she could not understand how the utterance of some new fact, or the redressing and presentation of some forgotten idea, could possibly be regarded as an insult by the person thus benefited. Of one intensely gratifying fact she could not fail to be thoroughly informed, by the avalanche of letters which almost daily covered her desk; she had at least ennobled herself securely in a citadel, whence she could smilingly defy all assaults—in the warm hearts of her noble countrywomen.

So with many misgivings, and much hope, and

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)



BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

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Raising Goslings and Ducklings

THE first fifteen eggs should be stolen from day to day, as laid, cautiously removing the covering, and replacing it when the birds are out of sight; as both goose and gander will strenuously resent any interference with the nest, and a blow from the wing of either is seriously unpleasant. Should a goose become broody early in the season, remove her from the nest and incarcerate in a wire coop, within the compound, where she can see her mates. Within a few days all desire to set will have left her, and after a few days of freedom, she will commence laying again.

The second clutch of eggs she should be allowed to retain, for goslings hatched under the oily moisture of a goose's breast are stronger, and so desirable for future stock. It is the want of this humid warmth, when ordinary hens are used to incubate such large eggs, that necessitates sprinkling the eggs two or three times, and, when possible, making the nest on the ground, or at least cutting a sod, and placing it at the bottom of any wooden box used as a nest. The eggs take from twenty-eight to thirty days to incubate. Goslings require virtually the same feed and general care as young ducks, the only difference being an increase of grass and vegetables; so we will combine young ducks and goslings.

When ducks' eggs are hatched under hens, they need only be allowed to brood them for three weeks, unless the weather is very cold, in which case, leave their mother for another week. Never give ducks intended for eating, a free range; it toughens, and prevents them from fattening. On the other hand, those intended for stock should be allowed plenty of room to roam in, after they are four weeks old, to insure strength and growth.

Young ducks and goslings must starve for the first twenty-four hours of their existence. Bill of fare for the first week is as follows: Half a pint of pinhead oatmeal, cracked wheat or stale bread crumbs, two hard-boiled eggs chopped fine, half a cup of coarse sand, all mixed and just moistened with scalding milk. Feed five times a day, as much as they will eat in ten minutes.

Second and third weeks: Half a pound of ground oats, the same of coarse sand, two tablespoonfuls of beef meal, a pint of finely cut green clover, rye, or cabbage, moistened with scalding milk. Feed four times a day.

Four to six weeks: Boil a quart of hulled oats for an hour, add one pint of corn meal, wheat bran, half a pint of fine grit, the same of beef scraps, one quart of clover or any green food. Feed four times a day.

Six to ten weeks: One quart of corn meal, one pint wheat bran, a pint of boiled oats, pint of beef scraps, half of grit, tablespoonful of charcoal, pint of clover. Feed three times a day. Then they should be ready to kill.

Those to be kept for stock have the same ration until three weeks old; then they are given equal parts of ground feed and bran, moistened with milk or water. Feed twice a day, if on free range. If yarded, add half a cup of beef scraps, cut clover, or vegetables to double the quantity of grain.

Young ducks are very nervous, and will not forget a scare for weeks. You can persuade them to go in any direction, if you work slowly and quietly. Hurry excites them, and they will rush shrieking in every direction, except the one you would have them go.

Turkeys and Guinea Fowls

A few barrels, secreted in out of the way corners, at the back of the farm buildings, will frequently attract turkeys, and prevent their wandering off into the woods, or brush lots, to lay. It is advisable to steal the first eggs, and set them under a comfortable old Biddy, who will be content to remain peacefully near home with her foster babies, instead of wandering all over the country with them, as does the average turkey and guinea mother.

Feed for the Turkey

Give nothing for the first twenty-four hours; then the daily bill of fare should be as follows: First feed 7 A. M.—Crushed hempseed, half a cup; stale bread crumbs, half a cup; moisten with raw eggs.

Second feed, 9 A. M.—Millet seed.

Third feed, 11:30 A. M.—Chopped onion tops, half a cup of corn meal that has been steamed as for chicks, half a teaspoonful of crushed mustard seed, mixed and fed crumbly.

Fourth feed, 2 P. M.—Pinhead oats, crushed a little finer than it is when bought.

Fifth feed, 5 P. M.—Liver that has been half-boiled, cracked wheat and corn, equal parts.

These bill of fares can be varied with pot cheese, custard, chopped lettuce or apple, bread crumbs moistened with milk, hard-boiled eggs; but every day they must have meat (more than chicks need), and pepper or mustard seed crushed, and fed in soft food. Keep a small pan of powdered charcoal and sand in the run, and, of course, water in a drinking fountain, that will allow only the beak to get wet.

Correspondence

B. M. B.—Which sell best, white or brown eggs for the fancy market? (2) Do large or medium-sized roasters bring the highest price per pound? (3) Which would you advise raising, white or speckled guinea fowls? (4) Must old pheasants be confined all the time? (5) At what size, or age, are pheasants sold? (6) Are they dressed or sold alive? (7) Can pheasants be successfully hatched in an incubator? Would you advise buying eggs, or a trio of birds, to get a start?

A.—The market makes a difference. New York is supposed to prefer white, Boston dark. (2) Medium sized, unless you mean capons. The very large framed bird is difficult to fatten. (3) For table use a cross is best. The spotted bird is stronger than the white, but the flesh of the latter is more delicate; the cross gives you both the good qualities. (4) Yes. (5) When about five months old. (6) Killed, but undressed. (7) No—that is, of course the eggs might hatch, but they could not be successfully raised in a brooder. (8) A trio, unless you can get eggs near home.

M. C. wants feed for young turkeys. Has had several successful hatches, raises the chicks all right for about a month, then they die off four or five every night; runs the brooder at seventy degrees. How stop that crowding at night and killing each other?

A.—April issue was devoted to chicks, so may help you. Did you read February number? If not, do so. It dealt with artificial brooding.

L. E. B.—The request at the beginning of your letter will receive careful consideration later.

M. M.—Please read November and December of 1906.

Mrs. D. has turkeys with bowel complaint, and adds that their heads get black.

A.—Your turkeys must be in a very bad condition; I fear almost hopeless. However, try that a small dose, say five drops of Jamaica ginger night and morning will do, for a few days. The easiest way to administer it is to moisten a few bread crumbs with it, just sufficient to roll into a pill. Feed them on well-steamed corn meal, bran and clover hay, chopped garlic added. Remove and burn all droppings under night roosts, and at once confine all affected birds in a small house, which can be cleaned thoroughly every day. Most turkey diseases are infectious, so be careful not to expose any of your other poultry to danger. Your description is so meager, that it is difficult to feel sure just what the trouble is, or what may have caused it. If your feed has been low, increase it; if, on the other hand, it has consisted of lots of whole corn, stop it at once. If, as I gather from your letter, the whole flock is affected, use a gill of Douglas's mixture to every two quarts of water, twice a week, for a few weeks. A tablespoonful should be added to each pint of water twice a week for a few weeks. A tablespoonful should be added to each pint of water every day, for the really sick birds. The Douglas's mixture is made by dissolving four ounces of sulphate of iron in two quarts of water. After iron has dissolved, add one quart of a fluid ounce of sulphuric acid; when clear it is ready for use.

A. J. D.—My little chicks have gapes again. I found many with gapes. Can you tell me what to do for them?

A.—Gapes is caused by a small worm which frequents the breeding place of poultry and birds. It is about five-sixteenths of an inch long, and about as thick as a fine sewing needle, and from all the information that can be gathered about it, it seems certain that, after entering the windpipe of a chick, it produces young, as bunches of little ones, not more than three-sixteenths of an inch long, have been found on making a post mortem examination, but only when an old and mature one was also present. In color they vary from pale gray, almost white to dark red, according to the amount of blood they have taken. As it is only little chicks that are the victims, the older birds are probably able to eject these worms, or the windpipe of adults may be too hard for the parasites to fasten on. If you had any cases of gapes last year, find some new spot to place the coops, so that the little ones have fresh ground to run on. If that is not possible, sprinkle lime, and plough or dig under. The danger spots seems to be trodden-down, bare earth.

The trouble being in the windpipe of the bird makes it very difficult to treat. Every poultry supply store has for sale some worm extractor, twisted wire or horsehair arrangements. The home-made one is simple, and quite as good. Take a wing feather, and strip it of all except the extreme end; dip this in turpentine, push it down the bird's throat, give it a twist, and draw it out quickly. If they are present, you will bring some worms with it. Another remedy which has been recommended as safe and sure is to mix a teaspoonful of salt and water, pour it down the afflicted bird's throat, and quickly turn its head down. The chick will gasp, sputter, and eject the intruders. Really, the only lasting remedy is prevention.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

Good health is the greatest of all blessings, but for some reason we are not allowed to enjoy it in this life. Let us so live, that after death, we may enter that land of rest, where sorrow never comes.

There's a smile for every sigh,
For every wound a balm,
A joy for every moistened eye,
For every storm a calm.

Each tear is sent, a smile to light,
Each wound in mercy given;
Each tear-filled eye will yet be bright,
Each storm subside—in Heaven.

Will someone send in for publication, the poems entitled, "We Don't Say Good By in Heaven," "Oh! Why Should the Spirit of a Mortal Be Proud?" "The Romance of a Rose," I do not remember the author of either.

Mrs. W. F. HAMPTON, Sites, Colusa Co., California.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I live in sunny Kansas, right in the oil and gas belt, and I have all the gas I want, it is just fine. I wish all the sisters could have it. Did any of you ever see a burning gas well? It is a grand sight to see the flames leaping a hundred or more feet in the air. I live all alone on a little farm. My children are all married or are away from home, you may ask me I ever get lonely. No, I do not very often for I am one that believes in being cheerful and looking on the bright side, for there is always a bright side if we will only look for it, I just drive the blues away and will not let them come around me. I do fancy work, visit my neighbors, visit the sick, and help others bear their burdens. There are so many to encourage and help carry their load of care that one never needs to sit down and complain. You may think I have never had any trouble myself, but if you do you will be mistaken, for I have had my share, but God is good and will bear all our burdens if we will let Him. I do feel sorry for all the shut-ins, and wish I could talk personally with each one.

Mrs. Hiram A. Parry. I would like to visit the Falls with you, but I can almost do so by your description of them.

Lizzie Barnhart. All honor to the bachelor girl; it's better that way than a loveless marriage or to just marry for a home.

Sister Naomi McMichael. You will think of this some day perhaps. The only ones of our children we keep are the ones that are with Jesus. He is keeping them for us, and they will always be our dear little children.

Mrs. Orta Laurence. I sympathize with you, but do not lose your faith in God. If you will write me I will answer your letter. May God keep you in His loving care.

J. A. D. I feel as though you were an old friend from reading your letters.

Mrs. Lola Chase. Bless your dear little ones, love them while they are with you; it don't take them long to grow up and leave the home nest.

Miss Emma Cadwell. God bless you in your work; if others would only do the same, what a blessing it would be.

Mrs. H. C. CRAWFORD, Independence, Kans.

Tested Recipes from Comfort Sisters

The writer's name or initials will appear at the end of one or more of the recipes.—Editor.

Extracts

Get three fresh vanilla beans of a druggist, break in small pieces and put them into half a pint of alcohol. It will be fit for use in a few days.

To make lemon extract grate the rind of three lemons with half a pint of alcohol. In four days pour into a bottle and add one ounce of oil of lemon. This makes a strong flavor at less than half price. Orange extract may be prepared in the same way.

Currant Pie

Put on the stove to boil one and one half pounds of currants, with enough water to cover well, let boil till water has all boiled off; fill your pie tins with the currants, add one cup of sugar, three tablespoonfuls of butter, three tablespoonfuls of apple jelly, sprinkle with cinnamon, bake with two crusts; this makes two pies. Mrs. W. WILDUNG.

A Toothsome Pie

To enough stewed pieplant, or rhubarb, for one pie add the yolks of two eggs and one cup of sugar. Bake with one crust and beat the whites, add one tablespoonful of sugar, spread over the top and brown the same as for lemon pie.

When baking never use soft butter or lard for piecrust, butter should be washed in cold water, before used in this way. For all loaf cakes, eggs, butter, etc., should be kept in a cold place until ready for use. Fruit to be added to loaf cake should first be rubbed well with flour, this will prevent it from settling to the bottom. When your stove burns the bread on top, put some cold water in the top part of the oven, this will prevent bread or pastry from burning.

Beef Tea

Take one pound of beef (weighed without fat, bone or skin), one pint of water. Mince the beef and place it in a jar with the water. Stand the jar, covered closely, in the oven, which must not be too hot, or into a pot of cold water, which should be gradually brought to a simmer round the jar, from two to four hours. The beef tea must never boil. An egg, or milk, or strong gruel added to beef tea makes it nourishing, as the plain beef tea is only a stimulant. M. C. BORGERDING, Carntown, Ky.

Ambrosia

One pineapple chopped fine, half a box of strawberries (or red raspberries), six bananas sliced and the slices quartered, six oranges sliced and the slices quartered, one lemon cut fine. Sweeten to taste.

Angel Cake to go with Ambrosia

Whites of six eggs beaten stiff, three quarters of a cup of granulated sugar (sifted twice). Stir into eggs very slowly, adding a small quantity at a time, then one half cup of flour with half a teaspoonful of cream of tartar mixed with it, and sifted six times with the flour, add a little at a time to the sugar and eggs, pinch of salt, a few drops of flavoring (some do not care for any). Bake in an ungreased tin, when done turn the pan bottom up and leave the cake to fall out itself. Put a pint dish of hot water in the oven while baking, as the cake scorches very easily.

Canned Rhubarb

Peel the fruit, cut up in small pieces, fill jars, shaking down well, fill to the brim with ice cold water, seal at once, and place on cellar bottom in dark corner.

Daisy Wine

To one quart of daisy blossoms add one quart of boiling water, let stand forty-eight hours, then press and strain; to each quart of liquid allow one third of a pound of sugar. Let stand in keg until cold weather, keep filling jug as it works from a keg or jug of the same liquid that must be kept for that purpose, with the same amount of sugar in it, as that in the keg. When stopped working, bung up tightly. In the spring pour off carefully without shaking keg, and bottle.

Dandelion Wine

One gallon dandelion blossoms picked when the sun is shining, pour over them one gallon of boiling water, let stand in cool place for three days, put into porcelain-lined kettle, with the rind of three oranges and one lemon cut fine, boil fifteen minutes, then stir. Add three pounds of sugar (white), and the pulp of three oranges and lemons; when lukewarm add half of a Fleischman's yeast cake, stand in a warm place for a week, strain again, and let stand until it stops working, then bottle. This is fine for anyone suffering from tuberculosis.

J. A. D. (Mrs. Van Dyke.)

Letters of Thanks

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I want to thank Mrs. Alice Day for the Mexican vines which arrived safely. I lost her address still I would like her to know I received them, and that at the present time, Dec. 9, they are sprouting and I will soon have to plant them.

Mrs. J. B. MANSFIELD, Lakeside, Cal.

DEAR EDITOR AND SISTERS:

I wish to thank all the kind sisters who remembered me by letters, scraps of silk, etc. I am not as well as when I wrote before. I lie in bed most of the time. I want all the dear sisters who read this to know that from my heart I thank you for your kindness to me and ask you still to write as it gives me so much pleasure to be remembered in any way. We shut-ins can't help getting lonely sometimes, it is hard to be brave and patient all the time. God bless you all in the wish of your sister, Mrs. ELIZABETH MEEK, Vandalia, Ind.

DEAR COMFORT READERS:

I want to thank you each and all for writing me. COMFORT brings its readers into a close bond of sympathy. I would gladly write you all, but it is impossible for my hands are so crippled it is hard for me to write. I am a whole lot better than I was last summer, but cannot walk yet. Let us strive to be patient with our afflictions, trusting that God knows best and His purpose is in all that comes into our lives.

May God bless you all dear shut-in sisters.

Mrs. J. E. JOHNSON, Pingree, N. Dak.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.)

Cure for Liquor and Tobacco.

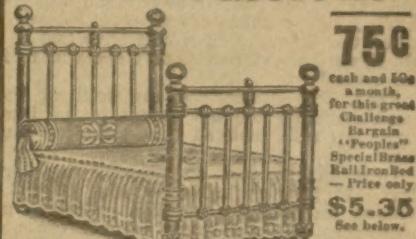
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Jerry, the Backwoods Boy

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

"You smeared it with blood from the musket wound," said Clarke suspiciously.

"John shot it—here," said the Indian, pointing out the place where his arrow had struck and penetrated the deer.

"Zounds!" said the lawyer, chop-fallen. "I don't know but you did have a share in it—but don't you see that wound would never have killed the deer? You would have lost it after all, if my musket ball hadn't come in to finish the work."

John, who understood the drift of the remark evidently did not assent to the lawyer's view, but still insisted that the deer was his own.

Dick Clarke had no especial use for the deer. It had no value to him beyond furnishing an evidence of his success as a sportsman. It was only natural for him to be proud of his first game, and he had imagined for himself quite a triumph in carrying it into the village. But John's claim interfered fatally with his intention. Though he might plume himself on killing the deer, there was no especial glory in being its joint slayer, especially when, as John contended, it had already been brought to the ground when he fired at it. To urge a claim under such circumstances, if known, would only subject him to ridicule, as he could very well imagine.

In this state of things it occurred to him to effect a compromise with the Indian, which he thought he might readily do by the judicious use of a little money.

So he broached the subject by saying, "Come, John, you don't want this deer."

The Indian asserted doggedly that it was rightfully his, and that he would have it.

"But," urged the wily lawyer, "if you will let me have it, and I admit that it is yours, I will give you some silver which will be worth a great deal more to you than the deer."

This was an argument the Indian understood. He had already learned the great value of money by his intercourse with the whites. He knew that his favorite drink could be obtained on more favorable terms for this than in the way of barter, and as this was the intended destination of the deer, he might as well accept the white man's proffer.

"How much?" he asked sententiously.

The lawyer brought forth his wallet, and opening it, drew out a silver dollar.

This he held up in his hand, and turning to John, said: "You shall have this if you will let me have the deer and say nothing of having shot it. Do you agree?"

But the lawyer had, in his eagerness, committed an error from which the caution taught him in his profession ought to have saved him.

In opening his pocketbook he incautiously displayed a part of the contents. These included a number of gold pieces that were plainly revealed to the Indian.

Now John was so far versed in the usages of the whites as to be aware of the greatly superior value of gold to silver. Here was a strong temptation for him. He knew that the gold he saw would buy him many gallons of rum. It might keep him supplied for months. Besides this, it would buy him a lodging or a dinner whenever he chose. It need hardly be said that he was little bound by moral considerations touching the abstract rectitude or iniquity of the act by which, if at all, he must become possessed of the object which he coveted.

While Dick Clarke was holding out the dollar to tempt him to the bargain, the Indian

was rapidly making up his mind what to do.

By a sudden, and on the lawyer's part wholly unforeseen movement, he snatched the pocketbook from his grasp, pinioned Clarke's arms with one of his own, and drawing forth a strong cord, proceeded to tie him hand and foot.

Of course this was not effected without resistance. But the lawyer was no match in strength for the athletic young Indian. Besides he was taken suddenly, and at a disadvantage. There was one weapon of offense which he freely used, however, and that was his tongue. He berated the Indian in the most forcible terms which his vocabulary could supply him, and among these were some which it may be advisable not to transfer to these pages.

But for words the Indian cared not. He proceeded swiftly and dextrously in his task, and in the space of a minute the lawyer was lying bound hand and foot side by side with the quarry which he coveted.

Having possessed himself of the pocketbook, John paid no regard to the deer, but went on his way, leaving the lawyer filled with rage and vexation.

"What a confounded fool I was to show him the pocketbook!" he muttered, vexed with his own imprudence. "I deserve all this. There were over a hundred dollars in that pocketbook, and, good Heavens!"—the lawyer started in affright as this new misfortune flashed upon him—"good Heavens! only this morning I put into it that fatal letter. If by chance it should fall into the hands of the Parkhursts or young Davenport, my fortune is lost beyond redemption! I could shoot that Indian with a good relish. If I could only free myself from these cords!"

The lawyer little suspected to what angel of consolation he was to be indebted for his release from bonds.

In snatching the lawyer's pocketbook, Indian John had acted from a sudden impulse. He understood that this daring outrage would compel him to leave the neighborhood, but for this he cared little. In fact, that was a step on which he had already determined and which would require no sacrifice on his part. It would be disagreeable after his formal expulsion to meet the members of his own tribe, as he must do if he continued to roam these woods.

When he had placed a half-mile between himself and his victim, who lay writhing in his bonds, he proceeded to open the pocketbook, and with some curiosity began to examine the contents.

These consisted of the gold already mentioned, a small sum in silver, and various papers.

Among these was the note that conveyed the valuable information relating to the hidden treasure!

John took out the gold and silver and deposited it in his own pouch. The papers he evidently held of little account, for with a contemptuous gesture he took them out, and threw them upon the ground. His attire not supplying him with that convenient receptacle, a pocket, he threw down the pocketbook, also, and then, with a self-satisfied look, he turned his face to the north.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

This story, full of exciting incidents, of a boy, young in years, yet mature in judgment, will hold the interest of the boys and girls as well as those of older years. If not a subscriber send 15 cents before the price advances. Read the next chapter, "A Boy and a Bear," thereby keeping the thread of the story without a break.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

Forty-three years in bed! Think of that, and never able to be out in the beautiful world, but forever chained to that terrible mattress. It is hard enough, goodness knows, to exist under such conditions when you have plenty of money, and every luxury and help that can kill time and alleviate suffering, but to be chained to a mattress and have to earn your living as this poor soul has to do, shows that we have to advance a good long step forward before we can call ourselves civilized. Well, cousins, it is left to us to do what we can to help brighten our helpless sister's life. Let her know that the C. L. O. C. has some warm and big hearts in it. Don't expect her to reply to you. Such strength as she has, she needs for her work, for she must work like the rest of us. The world has not the heart to let her rest, free from care, worry and exertion. Make amends for the world's shortcomings, please.

Comfort's League of Cousins

For the information of those who have not been regular readers of Comfort, and others who are becoming interested in the Cousins' League for the first time, and are ignorant of its aim and objects, the following facts will be of interest:

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of Comfort's immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. It was primarily started as a society for the juvenile members of Comfort's family, only, but those of more mature years clamored for admittance so persistently that it was deemed advisable to impose no age limit; thus all are eligible to admittance into our League provided they conform to its rules and are animated by the child spirit.

Though the older folks are admitted, the young folks will always be the first consideration, and Uncle Charlie will write his page with a view of entertaining our young people solely.

Those who wish to join our League can do so by subscribing to Comfort for one year or inducing some one else to subscribe, and sending us their subscription. No premiums will be given those sending in members for the League.

If you are already a subscriber you can join by renewing your subscription, or subscribing a year ahead. You can have the membership card and button sent to yourself and the Comfort to a friend, if you already take the paper. All who join the League will receive a button and a handsome certificate of membership, also Comfort for one year, and the privilege of having their names in the letter list.

How to become a Member

In order to become a full-fledged League member and procure a card and button, you must become a paid-in-advance Comfort subscriber by sending fifteen cents to the subscription department, for yourself, or renew your own subscriptions now. When you do this, send five cents extra, or twenty cents in all, and say that you wish to join Comfort's League of Cousins.

The five cents additional pays your membership fee and for the League button and membership card engrossed with your own name and membership number. All previous League membership offers are hereby withdrawn and only those who strictly comply with our above offer will be admitted to membership. It costs but twenty cents to join the League, a League which promises to be the greatest society of young people on earth. Never in the world's history was so much given for so little. Never could twenty cents be invested to such advantage, and bring such splendid returns. Don't hesitate, join us at once and induce your friends to do likewise.

All those League members, who desire a list of the cousins residing in their several states, can secure the same by sending a stamped addressed envelope and five cents in stamps to Nellie Rutherford, 142 Pacific St., Brooklyn, N. Y., our grand secretary. Some of the lists contain hundreds of names, so our secretary must have some trifling remuneration as she is devoting the whole of her time to this work.

While you are enjoying perfect health and strength, this beautiful month of June, under the blue skies among the flowers, remember the suffering ones on their beds of pain and misery, shut out from God's beautiful world forever.

Caroline Maclain, Fisk, Mo. Send her silk pieces, pictures and books. Mrs. Phoebe Anthony, West Kingston, R. F. D., 1, Rhode Island. Wants cheery letters. Mrs. Frank Reynolds, Oxford, R. F. D., 4, Iowa. Sick for three years. In great need. Ernest Newman, Watkins, R. F. D., 1, Minn. Wants interesting story books. Mrs. George Hugunin, Box 21, Comanche, Iowa. Wants cheery letters and silk pieces. Mrs. Ole Cable, Essex, Ark. Wants cheery letters. Mrs. Nora Lawrence, Wolcott, R. F. D., 2, Vt. Wants cheery letters. Arthur H. Page, the blind boy, of Milo, R. F. D., 1, Maine. Sells fine pictures of his faithful dog and self for thirty cents. Thomas P. Day, Fauval, Quebec, Can. Wants cheery letters and assistance. Jennie Moon, Cody, Va. Helpless for sixteen years. Sells handkerchiefs for fifteen cents, sofa pillow tops for forty cents. S. M. Pledger, West, Texas. Wants cheer. His last appeal brought \$3, for which he is extremely grateful. William H. Reynolds, Leechburg, Pa. Helpless for years, through an accident; fine writer, send fifty cents for his book. Rebecca Whitfield, Finleyson, R. F. D., 2, Ga. Chronic invalid. Remember her, please. John T. Thompson, 512 Atlantic St., Marietta Ga. Helpless nineteen years; tied in knots with rheumatism. Wants old and rare stamps, and arrowheads. Mary Ellen Willis, Yatesville, R. F. D., 2, Ga. Wants silk pieces, stamps, and stationery. Relies upon the gifts of the charitable for her support. Send a dime for her picture. Mrs. Anna Teague, Mannington, Christian Co., Ky.

Needs clothing and cheer. Mrs. Kate Blade (72), Hebron, Ohio. Old, crippled, poor and friendless. Send her books, and anything else you can spare. That will keep you busy for awhile.

Seven 15-cent subscriptions will get you Uncle Charlie's poems, an elegant book, bound in silk cloth. I want every League member to work for this book. Now be good, until we meet for a fire-cracker time on the Glorious Fourth. Lovingly yours,

Uncle Charlie.

ST. ELMO

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

great patience, she worked on assiduously, and early in summer her book was finished and placed in the publisher's hands.

In the midst of her anxiety concerning its reception, a new and terrible apprehension took possession of her, for it became painfully evident that Felix, whose health had never been good, was slowly but steadily declining.

Mrs. Andrews and Edna took him to Sharon, to Saratoga, and to various resorts for invalids, but with no visible results that were at all encouraging, and at last they came home almost disheartened. Dr. Howell finally prescribed a sea-voyage, and a sojourn of some weeks at Eaux Bonnes in the Pyrenees, as those waters had effected some remarkable cures.

As the doctor quitted the parlor, where he held a conference with Mr. and Mrs. Andrews, the latter turned to her husband, saying:

"It is useless to start anywhere with Felix unless Miss Earl can go with us; for he would fret himself to death in a week. Really, Louis, it is astonishing to see how devoted they are to each other. Feeble as that woman is, she will always sit up whenever there is any medicine to be given during the night; and while he was so ill at Sharon, she did not close her eyes for a week. I can't help feeling jealous of his affection for her, and I spoke to her about it."

He was asleep at the time, with his hand grasping one of hers; and when I told her how trying it was for a mother to see her child's whole heart given to a stranger, to hear morning, noon, and night, 'Edna, always 'Edna, never once 'mamma, I wish you could have seen the strange, suffering expression that came into her pale face. Her lips trembled so that she could scarcely speak, but she said meekly, 'Oh! forgive me if I have won your child's heart; but I love him. You have your husband and daughter, your brother and sister; but I—oh! I have only Felix! I have nothing else to cling to in all this world!'"

Then she kissed his poor little fingers, and wept as if her heart would break, and wrung her hands, and begged me again and again to forgive her if he loved her best. She is the strangest woman I ever knew; sometimes when she is sitting by me in church, I watch her calm, cold, white face, and she makes me think of a snow statue; but if Felix says anything to arouse her feelings and call out her affection, she is a volcano. It is very rarely that one finds a beautiful woman, distinguished by her genius, admired and courted by the reading public, devoting herself as she does to our dear little crippled darling. While I confess I am jealous of her, her kindness to my child makes me love her more than I can express. Louis, she must go with us. Poor thing! she seems to be failing almost as fast as Felix; and I verily believe if he should die, it would kill her."

Did you notice how she paced the floor while the doctors were consulting in Felix's room? She loves nothing but my precious lame boy."

"Certainly, Kate, she must go with you. I quite agree with you, my dear, that Felix is dependent upon her, and would not derive half the benefit from the trip if she remained at home. I confess she has cured me to a great extent of my horror of literary characters. She is the only one I ever saw who was really lovable, and not a walking parody on her own writings. You would be surprised at the questions constantly asked me about her habits and temper. People seem so curious to learn all the routine of her daily life. Last week a member of our club quoted something from her writings, and said that she was one of the few authors of the day whose books, without having first examined, he would put into the hands of his daughters. He remarked: 'I can trust my girls' characters to her training, for she is a true woman; and if she errs at all in any direction, it is the right one, only a little too rigidly followed.' I am frequently asked how she is related to me, for people cannot believe that she is merely the governess of our children. Kate, will you tell her that it is my desire that she should accompany you? Speak to her at once, that I may know how many staterooms I shall engage on the steamer."

"Come," with me, Louis, and speak to her yourself."

They went upstairs together, and paused on the threshold of Felix's room to observe what was passing within.

The boy was propped by pillows into an upright position on the sofa, and was looking curiously into a small basket which Edna held on her lap.

She was reading to him a touching little letter just received from an invalid child, who had never walked, who was confined always to the house, and wrote to thank her, in sweet, childish style, for a story which she had read in the Magazine, and which made her very happy.

The invalid stated that her chief amusement consisted in tending a few flowers that grew in pots in her windows; and in token of her gratitude, she had made a nosegay of mignonette, pansies, and geranium leaves, which she sent with her scrawling letter.

In conclusion, the child asked that the woman whom, without having seen, she yet loved, would be so kind as to give her a list of such books as a little girl ought to study, and to write her "just a few lines" that she could keep under her pillow, to look at now and then. As Edna finished reading the note, Felix took it, to examine the small, indistinct characters, and said:

"Dear little thing! Don't you wish we knew her? 'Louie Lawrence.' Of course, you will answer it, Edna?"

"Yes, immediately, and tell her how grateful I am for her generosity in sparing me a portion of her pet flowers. Each word in her sweet little letter is as precious as a pearl, for it came from the very depths of her pure heart."

"Oh! what a blessed thing it is to feel that you are doing some good in the world! That little Louie says she prays for you every night before she goes to sleep! What a comfort such letters must be to you! Edna, how happy you look! But there are tears shining in your eyes, they always come when you are glad. What books will you tell her to study?"

"I will think about the subject, and let you read my answer. Give me the 'notelet'; I want to put it away securely among my treasures. How deliciously fragrant the flowers are! Only smell them, Felix! Here, my darling, I will give them to you, and write to the little Louie how happy she made two people."

She lifted the delicate bouquet so daintily fashioned by fairy child-fingers, inhaled the perfume, and as she put it in the thin fingers of the cripple, she bent forward and kissed his fever-parched lips. At this instant Felix saw his parents standing at the door, and held up the flowers triumphantly.

"Oh, mamma! come smell this mignonette. Why can't we grow some in boxes in our windows?"

Mr. Andrews leaned over his son's pillow, softly put his hand on the boy's forehead, and said:

"My son, Miss Earl professes to love you very much, but I doubt whether she really means all she says; and I am determined to satisfy myself fully. Just now I cannot leave my business, but mamma intends to take you to Europe next week, and I want to know whether Miss Earl will leave all her admirers here, and go with you and help mamma to nurse you. Do you think she will?"

Mrs. Andrews stood with her hand resting on the shoulder of the governess, watching the varying expression of her child's countenance.

"I think, papa—I hope she will; I believe she will."

He paused, and, struggling up from his pillows, he stretched out his poor little arms, and exclaimed:

"Oh, Edna! you will go with me? You promised you would never forsake me! Tell papa you will go."

His head was on her shoulder, his arms were clasped tightly around her neck. She hid her face on his, and was silent.

Mr. Andrews placed his hand on the orphan's bowed head.

"Miss Earl, you must let me tell you that I look upon you as a member of my family; that my wife and I love you almost as well as if you were one of our children; and I hope you will not refuse to accompany Kate on the tour she contemplates. Let me take your place, and I shall regard it as a great favor to me; and mind if you will consent to go, and allow me to treat you always as I do my Hattie. I have no doubt you will derive as much benefit from traveling, as I certainly hope for Felix."

"Thank you, Mr. Andrews, I appreciate your generosity, and I prize the affection and confidence which you and your wife have shown me. I came, an utter stranger, into your house, and you kindly made me one of the family circle. I am alone in the world, and have become strongly attached to your children. Felix is not merely my dear pupil, he is my brother, my companion, my little darling! I cannot be separated from him. Next to his mother he belongs to me. Oh! I will travel with him anywhere that you and Mrs. Andrews think it best he should go. I will never, never leave him!"

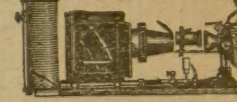
She disengaged the boy's arms, laid him back on his pillows, and went to her own room.

In the midst of prompt preparations for departure, Edna's new novel appeared. She had christened it "SHINING THRONES ON THE HEARTH," and dedicated it "To my countrywomen, the Queens who reign thereon."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12)

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Manners and Looks



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

In order to meet the demand for information made by COMFORT readers on the kindred subjects of **Etiquette and Personal Appearance**, this column will be devoted to them, and all questions will be answered, but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to **Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta Maine.**

Marie, Lodi, Wis.—It is not necessary for two persons to speak to each other if the man raises his hat in passing. The bow is sufficient. If they stop to speak to each other it depends upon what they have to talk about what they shall say. (2) The young man who winks at the young lady should be slapped in the face, not by the lady, but by some man who can slap a good and hard. (3) A brother's rights at a dance are not held to be very binding, and his sister can dance with as many young men as she pleases. However, she should consult her brother and not slight him. A bow and a smile are enough answer to thanks for a dance, unless the girl wants to say more.

C. W. Norman, Ill.—In our judgment, the young lady is merely testing you to see whether or not you will keep guessing what she means. If you will continue guessing she will in time let you call on her, and maybe you will think enough of each other to enter into more permanent arrangements. We do not admire that style of young woman, but possibly you do. If you do, go right ahead doing as you now are, and we think you will get her by and by.

Comfort Girls, Waterville, Kans.—You may use depilatories or not as you please, but they are not permanent. Electrolysis, done by specialists, is the only thing that will remove hair permanently. The recipes you mention are as good as any, and harmless as any. No depilatory is entirely harmless, we think butter-milk will not make the hair grow on the face to an alarming extent. If you find it good for tan and freckles, go on using it. Better use cold cream, or some of the many complexion preparations to be had at all drug stores. Most of them are harmless. Plenty of hot water, pure soap, simple food and healthy exercise are the best remedies for poor complexions. See answers in Family Doctor column on the subject of depilatories.

Ignorant, Winston, Mont.—We believe in just as little mourning wear as possible, especially for young people. The custom is, we believe, to wear black for two years for parents. Don't do it. Neither go gayly decked, as if you were glad they were gone, but dress soberly and becomingly. As to social matters, usually several months may elapse before they are resumed at all, but the mourning need not stay away from small affairs. The formal and public things are prohibited until the following season. (2) Woman has as many ribs as man.

L. N. Galva, Ill.—When the man takes you to a restaurant either may suggest the time to go away, though the lady usually does. But not by rule. She does it because she cannot stay out so late as the man can. (2) Billed eggs are served in the shell. Isn't that the custom in Galva? (3) Hard cheeses may be eaten from the fingers, but scarcely the soft varieties.

Nightingale, Douglas, Okla.—The birthstones are as follows: January, garnet; Feb., amethyst; March, bloodstone; April, diamond; May, emerald; June, agate; July, ruby; Aug., moonstone; Sept., sapphire; Oct., opal; Nov., topaz; Dec., turquoise. (2) If your absent sweetheart does not object to your having beaux, you can have them, but accept no presents from them.

Brandon Starr, Emerson, N. C.—Certainly it is no disgrace for a lady to play a violin. At least, it is not if she plays it well. Some play it disgracefully. (2) If the custom is in your community to go driving after 7 P. M., you may do so. (3) Rules of etiquette do not apply as to how long it takes a couple to get home from church, especially if the evening is fine for strolling. But don't stay out later than 10.

Georgia Girl, Kennesaw, Ga.—If his feelings are so easily hurt as that, possibly you will do better not to ask him to be friends again. However, you may do as you please about it.

Minnesota Boy, Sale, Minn.—The only way to overcome born bashfulness, if it may be overcome at all, is to be in company of other people, particularly strangers, as much as possible. By constant association with people you get more confidence in yourself. And don't think about yourself, but about other people and things. Bashfulness is one form of self-consciousness.

M. P. Gurdon, Ark.—You can improve the thin neck by massaging it night and morning. If you will place about ten pounds of weight on your head and keep it there, walking about slowly, for five minutes, several times a day, it will aid in the development.

J. W., Myrtle Point, Ore.—We are glad you have quit drinking, and we are glad you are a girl with spunk enough to turn you down because you drank. Tell her you have quit, show her that you have, and ask her to give you a year or two to prove that you will stay quit. If you are all right in other ways, we think she will give you the chance. She ought to, anyway.

Beginner, Childers, Tex.—You don't want any set rule to ask a girl to go to church with you, or any other place. Simply ask her if you can go with her, and tell her how glad it will make you if she will. That's enough. The most gracefully polite people in the world are those who do it naturally and sincerely.

M. C. M., Marcus, Ia.—You can thin your eyebrows by brushing them with a stiff brush and thinning them out simply by dragging them from their roots. Better not try any other treatment, or you won't have any brows at all. A fine tooth comb will answer the purpose of the brush.

September, Santa Barbara, Cal.—The right sort of a man hasn't a very high opinion of the girl who permits herself to be kissed by him or any other man promiscuously. Promiscuous familiarity of that sort are very cheap and vulgar. Nice girls do not permit it. (2) Don't speak to the man who hasn't manners enough to respond by tipping his hat. Men's manners at their best are none too good.

Sweet William, Ironstone, Tenn.—A girl of sixteen may be escorted home by a boy if her parents do not object. And she may go to a party with another girl and her brother, even though the brother does not ask her. He leaves that to his sister, and it's all right.

Peggy, Niles, Ill.—Don't let your twelve-year-old sister get into the habit of letting men kiss her because she is a "kid." Now is the time to

teach her the proprieties. The men themselves ought to know better.

Orphan Girl, Talladega, Ala.—We haven't space to give you details of a home wedding. Talladega has plenty of fine women in it who know just what is right, and they will tell you. (2) Maybe some COMFORT reader can tell you where you can get a silk patchwork quilt made. We cannot. Isn't there anybody in your neighborhood who can do it?

J. Jones, Mich.—Thank the person who brings you the message from the absent friend, and say something nice to be conveyed back again. Say anything you please that is pleasant.

Sweet Sixteen, Laton, Cal.—Change your manner to other men, and this one you want may change his manner to you. Evidently you have a nasty disposition, and how can a man like that? If you are going to get along in the world happily, you will have to give and take and scatter smiles as you go. The older you grow the harder you will find it to improve your temper, and now is the time to begin.

Brown-eyed Nellie, Cannonsburg, Pa.—Read in Family Doctor column what we have to say on the subject of hair.

Blue Eyes, Yorktown, Texas.—Be a little cool to the young man who neglects you for another girl. He has no right to set you aside when a new girl appears. And he has no business to pay attention to an engaged girl. We think if you have any other young man in sight, you would do well to drop this one. He'll be treating you a good deal worse if he marries you. (2) If you know who the young man is and all about him, it does not make so much difference about having met him only a few times. But do not be too free to accept attentions from men you don't know about.

Country Belle, Christine, N. D.—Experience is against your renewing the plumpness, though you may improve it by proper exercise. Try chest expansion and deep breathing. Throw the shoulders back as far as possible and repeat it twenty-five or thirty times every night and morning. This will harden the muscles. Stand before an open window and take twenty breaths as deep as you can, breathing in at the nose and out of the mouth. Begin with taking about six to ten, unless you can do more. Usually more than ten will make one dizzy. (2) What is known as cosmetic glove paste, which will whiten the hands is made as follows: Powdered myrrh, one ounce; honey, four ounces; yellow wax, two ounces; rose water, six ounces; glycerine, half ounce. Melt the wax in double boiler, and add myrrh while hot, beat thoroughly and stir in honey and rose water. Add the glycerine little by little to make the paste. Rub over the hands and wear loose gloves.

Brown Eyes, Concord, Tenn.—Tell the boy that you are in school and do not have time to bother with boys. No girl should "keep company with boys" till she is out of school.

Cora, Clatskanie, Ore.—We do not know the address. Ask your druggist.

Comfort Reader, Havelock, Neb.—Better let well enough alone. The more doctoring you do to your good looks the worse for you.

Lonely Lamb, Fairdale, N. D.—Proud child, you should tell your troubles to somebody near home. Your wild and beating heart cannot be stilled at the distance of a thousand miles. You are but seventeen short summers now, and the fateful day is yet far off. Suppose you wait till you are twenty-one and then ask us again. By that time you will know ever so much more. And do not be so cruel as to take all the girls' beaux away from them as you say you are now doing. It is not only cruel, but bad form. (2) The hair is June blonde in color.

ST. ELMO

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

The aim of the book was to discover the only true and allowable and womanly sphere of feminine work, and, though the theme was threefold, she fearlessly picked up the frayed wool and wove it.

Most carefully she sifted the records of history, tracing in every epoch the sovereigns of the hearthstone who had reigned wisely and contentedly, ennobling and refining humanity; and she proved by illustrious examples that the borders of the feminine realm could not be enlarged, without rendering the throne unsteady, and subverting God's law of order. Woman reigned by divine right only at home. If married, in the hearts of husband and children, and not in the gilded, bedizened palace of fashion, where thinly veiled vice and frivolity hold carnival, and social apas and social apas wave and trail. If single, in the affections of brothers and sisters and friends, as the golden scepter in the hands of parents. If orphaned, she should find sympathy among the poor and the afflicted.

Consulting the statistics of single women, and familiarizing herself with the arguments advanced by the advocates of that "progress," which would indiscriminately throw open all professions to women, she entreated the poor of her own sex, if ambitious, to become sculptors, painters, writers, teachers in schools or families; or else to remain mantua-makers, milliners, spinners, dairymaids; but on the peril of all womanhood not to meddle with scalpel or retractor, and to shun rostra of all descriptions, remembering St. Paul's injunction, that "It is not permitted unto women to speak" and even that "It is a shame for women to speak in the church."

To married women who thirsted for a draught of the turbid waters of politics, she said: "If you really desire to serve the government under which you live, recollect that it was neither the speeches thundered from the forum, nor the prayers of priests and augurs, nor the iron tramp of glittering legions, but the ever triumphant, maternal influence, the potent pleading 'My son' of Volturna, the mother of Coriolanus, that saved Rome."

To discontented spinsters, who traveled like Pandora over the land, haranguing audiences that secretly laughed at and despised them, to these unfortunate women, clamoring for power and influence in the national councils, she pointed out that quiet, happy home of "Barley Wood," whence immortal Hannah More sent forth those writings which did more to tranquilize England, and bar the hearts of its yeomanry against the temptations of red republicanism than all the eloquence of Burke, and the cautious measures of Parliament.

Some errors of style, which had been pointed out by critics as marring her earlier writings, Edna had endeavored to avoid in this book, which she humbly offered to her countrywomen as the best of which she was capable. From the day of its appearance it was a success; and she had the gratification of hearing that some of the seed she had sown broadcast in the land fell upon good ground, and promised an abundant harvest.

Many who called to bid her good by on the day before the steamer sailed, found it impossible to disguise their apprehension that she would never return; and some who looked tearfully into her face and whispered "God-speed!" thought they saw the dread signet of death set on her white brow.

To Edna it was inexpressibly painful to cross the Atlantic while Mr. Hammond's health was so feeble; and over the long farewell letter which she sent him, with a copy of her new book, the old man wept. Mrs. Murray had seemed entirely estranged since that last day spent at Le Bocage, and had not written a line since the orphan's return to New York. But when she received the new novel, and the affectionate, mournful, meek note that accompanied it, Mrs.

Murray laid her head on her son's bosom and sobbed aloud.

Dr. Howell and Mr. Manning went with Edna aboard the steamer, and both laughed heartily at her efforts to disengage herself from a pertacious young book-vender, who, with his arms full of copies of her own book, stopped her on deck, and volubly extolled its merits, insisting that she should buy one to while away the tedium of the voyage.

Dr. Howell gave final directions concerning the treatment of Felix, and then came to speak to the governess.

"Even now, sadly as you have abused your constitution, I shall have some hope of seeing gray hairs about your temples, if you will give yourself unreservedly to relaxation of mind. You have already accomplished so much that you can certainly afford to rest for some months at least. Read nothing, write nothing (except long letters to me), study nothing but the aspects of nature in European scenery, and you will come back improved to the country that is so justly proud of you. Disobey my injunctions, and I shall soon be called to mourn over the announcement that you have found an early grave, far from your native land, and among total strangers. God bless you, dear child! and bring you safely back to us."

As he turned away, Mr. Manning took her hand and said:

"I hope to meet you in Rome early in February. If I should never see you again in this world is there anything that you wish to say to me now?"

"Yes, Mr. Manning. If I should die in Europe, have my body brought back to America and carried to the South—my own dear South, that I love so well—and bury me close to Grandpa, where I can sleep quietly in the cool shadow of old Lookout; and be sure, please be sure, to have my name carved just below Grandpa's, on his monument. I want that one marble to stand for us both."

"I will. Is there nothing else?"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14.)

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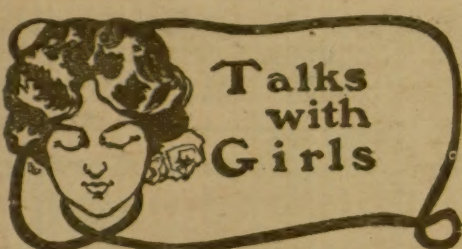
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Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one Month.

THE first month of summer when the June roses blow and the whole world is filled with color and fragrance. Isn't it lovely to think how sweet the world is in June? Poets sing it and painters paint it, but, my dears, unless you let it get into your hearts and your lives it might as well be weeds and cloudy weather. Outside nature is happy and bright in June, and inside nature should be like it. Look into your hearts and into the faces of the flowers, and make them smile at each other and all the world. Even work is pleasant then, so believing that you will do as I say, let us go to work.

The first letter is from a Sad School Girl of Cumberland City, Tenn., who is in a peck of trouble because she refused to walk with the cousin of the man she loved, and now both of them are "mad at" her. That's what comes of school girls bawling with beaus instead of books. Books don't do that way, so I beseech this sad cousin to devote herself to her books and let the beaus scratch their mad places, as my mamma used to say to me. My, my, what a painful and awful thing young love is.

Lonely Star, Lamar, Ind.—Among refined people it is the custom when an engagement is broken for both parties to return all presents. Certainly one would scarcely want what could be reminders only of what is unpleasant and to be forgotten.

Blue Belle, Atlanta, Ga.—It is not wise for a girl of fifteen to go with a man of thirty or at any other age, unless she goes with him as she would go with her father or brother. (2) Why trust a person a second time? Isn't once enough? Do you like to be deceived? (3) Don't visit the young man at his place of business. You inter- fere with his work, and make yourself conspic- uous besides, which is worse.

Pearl, Muskegon, Mich.—If you know music well enough to teach it, your public school education in other branches is quite enough.

Jo and Teddy, Lincoln, Ark.—It is not ex- actly immodest to try to have the young man like you, or to find out from someone if he does, but it is a waste of time. If he likes you he will let you know, be sure of that. If he does not, nothing on earth can make him. He couldn't do it himself if he didn't want to. (2) Wear your dresses as do other girls in your community, and wear your hair in the most becoming way, what- ever the prevailing style is.

Blue Eyes, North, Miss.—If you love each other and there are no objections to your marry- ing, then, of course, marry and be happy. No matter if he did have another sweetheart—you are the one he wants to marry. Isn't that enough?

Broken Heart, Renick, Mo.—My, but you are a silly girl. You fall in love with a fellow you know nothing about, and when he shows you that he does not care for you, you still go on loving him and wanting him as your very own. Now wouldn't he make home happy for you? And you say he flirts with all the girls. And you say you are so unhappy that you want to die. My, my, go jump into the river. But not where it is over your head. When you have waded out and see him on the bank laughing at you all wet and draggily maybe you won't love him so passionately. Try it, anyway.

Troubled Darling, Dempster, S. D.—Write the man a nice letter like the one you have written to me and all will be forgiven.

P. M. B., Bellingham, Wash.—It may be quite proper to accept the tip, as a waitress, but do not let your acquaintance go farther with the tipper. No exchanging of names and addresses. Men of that kind are not to be trusted at all. (2) A little bit of slang like that will not do any harm. But the less slang the better.

Hyacinth, Franklin, Neb.—Tell the young man you think it is time to break the engage- ment. If he permits it to be broken, you may know very surely that he does not want to marry you. That being true, you don't want to marry him, do you?

Mayflower, Avon, S. D.—Possibly not, for one time, but it will if you permit it to continue.

Beatrice and Valentine, Greeley, Kans.—I won't sould at your silly questions, if you will agree not to ask any more, and put your whole minds on your studies. You need to think more about being women, than cowboys.

White Rose, Chandler, S. C.—The matter is one that can only be settled by yourself. If you do not believe the stories told against the man and he is all right, you should marry him. No- body can tell how it will turn out until you have tried it. You are not running as great a risk as if you had never heard the stories.

Broken-hearted Louise, Merriles, Wis.—If the young man is all right and quite able to support you and give you the same social position you have always had, I don't see why you shouldn't marry him, even though your mother isn't very favorably disposed. (2) No objection to a photograph on a postal, or to small presents.

Bridle Wreath, Ryde, Cal.—You had better wait till you are thirty and he is sixty. Fif- teen is too young to marry. P. S. I have fol- lowed your spelling, but why "Bridle"? Is it a wreath on a head-stall?

Belle of Arizona, Hillside, Ariz.—If he thought as much of you as he says, he would write to you when he goes away off to Texas. You write to him and ask him what is the matter. If he cannot tell you straight and honest, don't have anything more to do with him. It may hurt to give him up, but not anything like as much as to have to live with him and suffer for years and years. (2) You can visit your sweetheart's mother, if she asks you to do so.

P. H. N., Grayson, Ky.—When a girl marries she should remember that her husband's people become her people, and if they are not the kind she has been accustomed to, she will not find it easy to accommodate herself to her new kin. It takes a lot of love to smooth out such rough places, and unless you have that sort of love you should not marry into his family. At the same time, it is not to be forgotten that so called "nice" people are not always nice to get along with. Marriage is a risk any way you take it.

Rock Hill Girl, Green Top, Mo.—If he wants you to marry him, marry him, if you love him, even if you do think you are not so superior as he is. The "superior" women are not the most lovable, nor are they always the best wives. (2) The words are German, and besides the first one, which I fail to make out, mean Work and Love and Home. That is very nice.

Perplexed Cousin, Clayton, Ill.—You did quite right in leading your bashful cousin to the pew, and you should be glad that you had the chance to teach him. Now be a real lady and continue to teach him till he knows what to do and how to do it. It is part of a woman's mission to make gentlemen of ordinary men. You also ought to teach a little good manners to the young chaps who make fun of your cousin. (2) Ask the backward young man that likes you to call on you. Be nice to him, and he'll tell you what he thinks.

Farmer's Daughter, Rutledge, Tenn.—Keep on not answering his letters. He'll learn by and by that you do not want to write to him. It takes some people a long time to learn anything.

R. L. K., Cincinnati, O.—Just at this time in your courtship, a year's separation would be of benefit to both of you. In that time he would be able to establish himself in his new home, and you would have time to think whether or not you should go to his home and become part of it. If you love each other right, the year will not be long, and will only make you under- stand how much you are to each other.

A. D., Crete, Ill.—It seems to me that be- tween you and your sister you should be able to suppress your brother-in-law. I have no pa- tience with a man of his kind, and you should make him keep his place even if you have to stop visiting your sister. (2) What you are doing for the shut-ins is very kind, but don't let yourself get too much interested in the letters to the men. Exchanging photographs is not nec- essary.

Alveta, Ashland, Pa.—You did quite right in staying away from the dance on account of your cousin's death, even if you did not know her personally. (2) I don't think luck has anything to do with it, but the finger of the glove is al- ways cut so the bride can put the ring on her bare finger. (2) You are foolish to think friends come to see you because you have nice things in your house or do not. Real friends like you, not your house furnishings. Ask them to come in, and if you think your house is not as nice as it should be, try to make it so. A little taste and work and less money will make a cozy corner of a barn.

A. B. C., Prague, Okla.—Wait until you are twenty-one, and see what you think of marry- ing a man twenty years older than you are. Certainly you shouldn't marry at fifteen. (2) The only way to cure a flirting man is to be a flirt yourself, as far as he is concerned.

Sweet Rose, Fulton, Ill.—Yes, the young man can help the girl put on her coat, but he needn't put his arms around her at the same time. And it means just the same if he squeezes her hand. Don't let him do it.

There, dears, all your questions are duly taken care of, and to your advantage, I hope. One or two young men have written to me, but I have turned their letters over to the Etiquette Editor, as I only talk to the girls. May all the joys of summer-time be with you till we meet again. By, by, COUSIN MARION.

ST. ELMO

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

"Thank you, my dear, good, kind friend! Nothing else."

"Edna, promise me that you will take care of your precious life."

"I will try, Mr. Manning."

He looked down into her worn, weary face and sighed, then for the first time he took both her hands, kissed them and left her.

Swiftly the steamer took its way seaward; through the Narrows, past the lighthouse; and the wind sang through the rigging, and the purple hills of Jersey faded from view, proving Neversink a misnomer.

As the cripple sat looking over the solemn, moaning ocean, awed by its brooding gloom, did he catch in the silvery starlight a second glimpse of the rose-colored veils, and snowy white, and purple-edged robes of the Forces, spinning and singing as they followed the ship across the sobbing sea? He shivered, and clasping tightly the hand of the governess, said:

"Edna, we shall never see the Neversink again."

"God only knows, dear Felix. His will be done."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

This serial, weaving a romance of unusual interest around Edna Earl, a young girl, whose faith in God's eternal goodness remains firm, though her heart bleeds, when she loses all dear to her, her meeting with St. Elmo, his surprise at her expressed disapproval of his bitterness and hate, the trust he imposes, the promise he exacts, and he continued with marked strength in the July number of COM-FORT. If you are not a regular subscriber, or your subscription expires soon, do not fail to send in your renewal, and also one or more new subscribers at the present 15c. yearly rate, as all old subscriptions are promptly removed on expiration. Read notice on another page. The price will soon be advanced. Back numbers of COMFORT cannot be furnished. Read our offer below.

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I feel certain that my book on Eye and Ear troubles which I offer to you is of value to every afflicted one who writes to me is without a doubt the best book of the kind ever sent out. It is written in plain, every- day language so that all can understand and it con- tains a great deal of val- uable information about the cause and cure of Falling Eyelids, Cataract, Granu- lated Lids, Sore Eyes, Deafness, Head Noises, Ring- ing and Buzzing in the Head, Discharging Ears and Catarrh, etc. It is full of splendid illus- trations, and I have decided to write this book so that it will prove of the greatest benefit to all who read it. Write for a copy and judge for yourself. I will send you a single copy of it with pleasure me greatly to send it to you, and you are under no obligation to me whatever. If you want to rid yourself of your Eye and Ear trouble send today for this free book. Address

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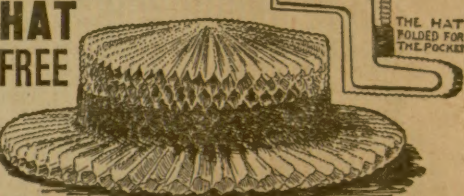
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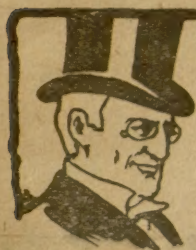
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The Family Doctor

So many inquiries are received by COMFORT concerning the health of the family that a column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended for simple cases; serious cases should be referred to physicians, not to us. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions in this column. They will thus save time, labor and postage. Address The Family Doctor, Comfort, Augusta, Maine.

M. M. G. K., Altamont, Ill.—The over-development of the right side is not unusual, and the cause as a rule is, that the right side is more frequently used. You can assist the development of the left side by exercising, or better still, by massaging, which is exercise in a more direct form. Constant massage of any undeveloped part will increase its size. Get a book on physical culture, which devotes itself especially to the subject of muscle development, and read it. However, if the development of the two sides are not very different, and there is no inconvenience arising, you had better let it go as it is. (2) Freckles, unless they are sun freckles, which will disappear of themselves, are best left alone, or treated simply, that is by the usual face powders, which will conceal them. As to the pimples and blackheads, press them free of matter and apply a lotion made as follows: Boracic acid, one dram; alcohol, one ounce; rose water, two ounces. Wash the face morning and night with hot water and Castile soap, rinsing it with cold water. Cleanliness is necessary. Use the lotion after washing the face, and press the blackheads out before washing. Eat simple food, with little or no grease, and drink no coffee.

Golden Lock, Auburndale, Wis.—Get from the druggist any good hair tonic that he will recommend. Use it according to directions, and while you are using, thoroughly massage the scalp night and morning. Knead the skin as if it were a batch of bread you were making. That will make the blood circulate about the roots of the hair and give it life. The tonic will be merely additional stimulant. Continue the massaging after you have used up one bottle of tonic. A little vaseline rubbed into the roots once or twice a week will be helpful to the massaging.

T. R. H., Stamford, N. Y.—Don't sleep on your back and don't go to bed until you have taken at least a dozen deep breaths of fresh air, breathing in through the nose and out of the mouth. Keep good company and plenty of it, and don't think about yourself. There is nothing the matter with you, but thinking something is the matter. That is very nearly a disease with some people.

T. D., Charlotteville, N. Y.—You cannot remove freckles permanently, except so called sun freckles, unless you submit to expensive treatment by a specialist. A freckle lotion is made as follows: Corrosive sublimate, two grains; powdered borax, half dram; lemon juice, one ounce; rose water, four ounces. Apply twice a day on absorbent cotton. Label poison, and keep away from children.

A. J., Bird Island, Minn.—Wear a shoe that won't press on the nail. To stop the ingrowing, cut a notch in the top center of the nail, and another on the side of the ingrowing. Then run a ditch down the nail from the top, cutting in as deep as you can without touching the quick. This will relieve the pressure from the sides and make the nail grow towards the center. Cotton may be used under the sides of the nail, first prying it away from the flesh and cutting it clear. Better go to a chiropodist if there is one handy. After that you can take care of it yourself.

T. A. G., Plainview, Minn.—To reduce your weight eat no foods containing sugar or fats, or starch. Eat brown, or gluten, bread, drink very little water and take plenty of exercise. Lean meat may be eaten, and most of the vegetables except potatoes.

Inquirer, Sandpoint, Idaho.—Our advice is that you consult a physician, even if you do not have the \$2 to pay him. Ask him to wait. We do not understand the symptoms you give and cannot account for your condition in the morning. It may be only catarrhal, but you had better find out definitely, before it is too late.

M. M., Dolph, Ore.—The hair restorers you mention are as far as we know about as good as any. Better than any of them is massaging. On this subject see above answer to "Golden Lock." And stop worrying. Worrying is sure to make the hair fall out.

Young Man, Plattville, Wis.—Don't go South for catarrh, but to the dry, cold air of Colorado, or the dry, hot air of Arizona. Dryness is what you need. A year or two in either of those localities would put you all right, and probably arrangements to stay there permanently. Climate usually has more to do with catarrh than any other one cause. You might not have a touch of it out West, for years, and a few weeks or months in the old place would bring it back.

B. A. K., Earl Grey, Can.—It is neuralgia, not toothache, that is troubling you, and about the only thing you can do for it is local applications of some warming sort. Chloroform liniment, which you get at any drug store, is about the best. Wet a piece of flannel with it, and hold it tight over the part affected. Keep your hand well covered with additional flannel, so as to confine the fumes of the liniment, and keep the air from the skin. It will blister, if you are not careful, but as soon as it gets thoroughly hot, remove the flannel and let the air get to it.

Miss W. G., Atkinson, Neb.—See answers above to "Golden Lock" and to "M. M." Don't use any more salt water on your hair.

F. J. C., Washingtonville, O.—You haven't paralysis, you only think you have, and as long as you keep on thinking so you will keep on sitting in that chair, and all the doctors on earth can't cure you. They can't cure you, because

there is nothing the matter with you. Healthy boys of seventeen don't have paralysis, but they have queer notions sometimes, just as you are having now. Don't you know if there were a sudden fire break out under your chair, you'd jump and run for the open? Of course you would. You see you would forget to think you had paralysis and you'd be all right. Now take this from us; forget it. Brace up and walk. You may be a bit wobbly at first, but walk, walk, walk. Simply say you will walk, and you will walk, that's all. Ask any Christian scientist in your town if that isn't so. Or ask the regular doctors. Really, you ought to be ashamed of yourself sitting there like an old man when you ought to be out basking around with the other boys.

Troubled, Maineville, O.—Don't worry about the blush feeling in your face, unless you feel ill afterwards, or it has some serious effect upon you. You'll outgrow it by and by. If it leaves any physical effect, however, you should consult a physician.

M. C., Raleigh, N. C.—There are many depilatories, none permanent in their effects, or much better than the old-fashioned razor. Here is one: Orpiment, one part; starch and quicklime, ten parts each. Powder the orpiment thoroughly, mix with the starch, and add the lime. Use a little to make a paste with water; spread on the hairy part, let it remain two or three minutes and remove with a blunt knife. Wash with hot water and apply cold cream. This must be repeated whenever the hair grows again, as it will do.

L. A., Alexander, N. C.—There is no depilatory that will remove the hair permanently. It may be done only by very expensive specialists. See answer above to "M. C."



Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT readers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions in this column. They will thus save time, labor and postage. Letters reaching this office after the 25th of the month cannot be answered in the issue of the following month.

G. E. S., Lineboro, Md.—If the publishers cannot give you the information you want, we cannot, because we get ours from them. Our advice is for you not to seek farther, but get newer and better novels.

E. P., N. Baltimore, O.—Before thinking seriously of becoming a trained nurse have a talk with some physician who will tell you whether you are fitted for the profession or not. Most young women are not, and it is wasted time to try to be what you cannot be.

A. B., Albany, Ind.—We cannot answer your questions, because they are such that only an intimate personal knowledge with business firms all over the country would make us capable. You might get it by writing to the firms themselves.

D. G., Sumner, Ill.—Write to the Scott S. & Co. Co., 18 East 23rd St., New York City. We are not experts in that line. (2) The Scottish-American is published in New York City. The Scottish Review, we think, in Edinburgh, Scotland. The Scottish American people can tell you, and also give you prices of subscription.

J. C. A., Lisbon, Fla.—To sell a patent is about as difficult a job as we know of. You can only get at possible purchasers by advertising what you have for sale. Write to A. G. Spaulding & Bro., 29 West 42nd Street, New York.

G. D., Webster, W. Va.—Nobody on earth knows what publisher will buy what the writer may submit. You must find that out by submitting what you have written. Try any of the magazines, or Sunday newspapers, inclosing stamped envelope for return if not available. All writers have to do that, for publishers only buy what they may be wanting at the time.

Southern Girl, Lynchburg, Va.—The name is Lyndhurst, but that is not the name of the post-office. (2) Kissing for engaged couples is customary and permissible. There is such a thing as being too particular.

Mrs. George Clausen, Box 30, Penryn, R. F. D., Cal., would like to know from COMFORT readers how to kill the garden moles that are ruining all her plants. Will somebody please give her a fatal recipe?

Mrs. M. P., East Bernstadt, Ky.—A turpentine distillery will cost a lot of money, and besides, the Kentucky pine does not seem to be the kind that produces enough sap to be worth handling. At least there is no turpentine made in the state.

A. W., Conestota, S. D.—Rand McNally & Co., Chicago, Ill., can supply you. Write to them for prices. Ask for the cheaper editions, unless you want to pay high prices.

Mrs. C. A. C., Paradise, Mass.—Inquire of any merchant in your own locality, or write to any of the Boston department stores. They will also tell you about the alcohol irons, and the book you want, if it is still in print. How far is Boston from Paradise?

D. B., New York, N. Y.—"Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all," is from Tennyson's "In Memoriam."

Mrs. C. H. Southern, Boyd, Oregon, wants to know where she can get the old book "Look Out," by Virginia F. Townsend.

F. G. H., Northport, Wash.—You will reach either of them by writing to them in care of their publishers, whose name you will find on the music.

R. L. B., Hamburg, Pa.—We haven't space to publish such a list. Nor would we say which was best, because opinions differ too greatly.

Subscriber, Pleasant Hope, Mo.—See answer above to "G. D., Webster, W. Va."

Mrs. M. P., E. Clallam, Wash.—If you cannot find a dealer in Spokane or Seattle, write to L. Shaw, 54 West 14th St., New York City. If it is good quality set a good price on it.

F. W. S., Parma, Mich.—If we remember correctly, our information on the subject of widow's pensions was not definite, except that a widow could get a pension, and we referred the inquirer to the Pension Office for detailed information. If our advice were followed everything was all right in the end. We are not infallible, and are glad you called our attention to the discrepancy.

W. Mc. L., Council Bluffs, Ia.—You can get more definite and better information right in Omaha than we can give you. As an expert you ought to be posted anyhow.

C. M., W. Willington, Conn.—Write to Pitt-Thompson Co., 56th St., and 8th Avenue, New York City.

J. R., Scottsburg, Ind.—You ought to know much better than we do, as you live in Indiana. We confess that we do not know. Try Indianapolis.

W. J. C., Vickery, O.—For information on this point write to Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C.

Every Lady Read This.

Years ago when I was a sufferer, an old nurse told me of a wonderful cure for Leucorrhea, Displacements, Painful Periods, Uterine and Ovarian troubles. It cured me in one month. It is a simple harmless lotion that can be prepared by any one having the recipe. I will send it Free to every suffering sister who writes to me. Address Mrs. L. D. Hudnut, South Bend, Ind.

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A beautifully illustrated catalogue of bicycles has just reached our desk. This attractive and complete catalogue describes many new improvements, the New Improved Coaster Brake, puncture proof tires, and high grade bicycles at moderate prices, ranging from \$12.00 to \$25.00. It contains general information and statistics that should prove interesting to every bicycle rider. Readers can obtain this catalogue free by writing the Mead Cycle Company, Chicago.

WEALTHY Ladies and Gentlemen of refinement, anxious to marry; photographs and descriptions free. C. A., Box 7, Canon City, Colo.

MARRY RICH Big List of Descriptions and Photos FREE (Sealed). Standard Cor. Club, 105 Avery Ave., Chicago.

Wealthy Ladies and Gentlemen of all classes, anxious to marry; photographs and descriptions free. Hart's Agency, Dept. J L, 54 Wabash, Chicago.

MARRY Photos and addresses of rich and handsome people who want to marry, sent free, sealed. Write to day. THE PILOT, Dept. 19, 166 N. Hamilton Ave., Chicago, Ill.

MARRY WEALTH—BEAUTY. Marriage Directory FREE TO ALL. Pay when married. Entirely new plan. Send no money for particulars. Select Club, Dept. 15, Tekonsha, Mich.

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